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KING TUT'S

THE PHARAOH'S GREATEST BREAST ORNAMENT

This beautiful gold ornament called a pectoral, represents the Ba-bird, or "The King's Spirit." It is beautifully inlaid with turquoise, carnelian and lapis lazuli and was found among the outer trappings of Tutankhamen's body.

GORGEOUS JEWELS, 4000 YEARS OLD

NO MORE beautiful and splendid jewels have ever been found than those in the tomb of Pharaoh Tutankhamen, in Egypt, created 4000 years ago and hidden from the world until recently. Their art rivals that of the greatest jewelers of all time.

Around the King's breast were five exquisite pectorals or breast ornaments, forming the eleventh and twelfth layers of objects on the thorax of the mummy. They were the king's personal jewelry. Very artistic and magnificent is the "Ba-bird pectoral," representing "the King's Spirit." It is of gold, beautifully inlaid with precious stones. It

wears a crown like that of the King, and has his own features.

Greatest of the King's ornaments was the "Collar of Nekhebet," a wonderfully made flexible pectoral in the form of a vulture with outspread wings that covered the whole breast of the mummy, the wing tips reaching to the shoulders. It was composed of 255 separate gold plaques, inlaid with red jasper, lapis lazuli and opaque glass of turquoise color. The plaques or feathers have tiny eyelets by which they were threaded together, with blue faience and minute gold bead borders.

Still another ornament was the Nekhebet vulture pectoral of gold, inlaid with lapis lazuli and carnelian and suspended by flexible straps, with a pair of hawks forming the clasp. It symbolizes the Southern Goddess—Nekhebet of El Kab.

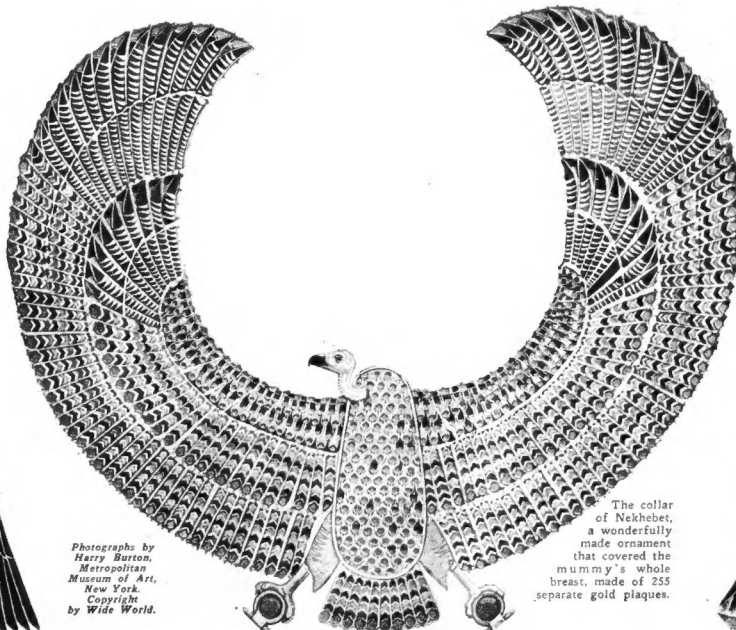
Another exquisite pectoral shows blue kheper beetles supporting solar

and lunar disks of gold. The beetles and marguerites on the lower bar are of lapis lazuli, the small pendent buds of carnelians, the large pendent lotus flowers of polychrome glass. The pectoral is suspended on five strings of gold beads. The clasp bears the emblems of "North," "South," "Stability," "Royalty" and "Eternity" and the name of Tutankhamen.

Under the innermost of the three man-shaped nested coffins was Tutankhamen's golden perfume box, adorned with two figures of the King in the character of Horus holding the symbols of his royal semi-divine office—the crook and the flail.

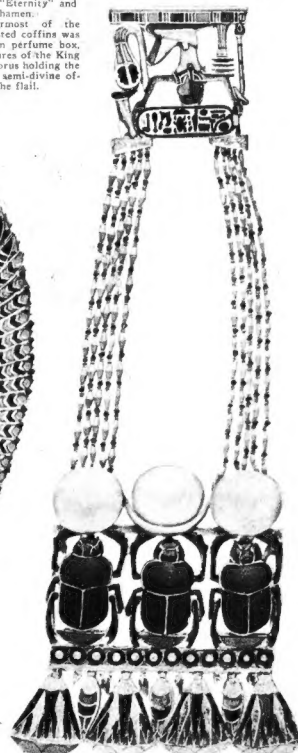


The great Nekhebet vulture pectoral, one of five similar splendid ornaments adorning the royal mummy's breast. It is of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli and carnelian.



Photographs by Harry Burton, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Copyright by Wide World.

The collar of Nekhebet, a wonderfully made ornament that covered the mummy's whole breast, made of 255 separate gold plaques.



One of the five beautiful pectorals on the King's mummy—this shows kheper beetles supporting solar and lunar disks suspended by strings of gold beads.

Famed "Drunkynge Howse" of Wicked Old King Henry VIII Now a Tourists' Inn

THE recent opening of the public of King Henry VIII's "Drunkynge Howse," or "Wynne Seller," after being closed for hundreds of years, reveals statistics which indicate that the wicked old King used to spend \$250,000 a year for beer and wine for the royal household.

American tourists particularly have been eager to inspect the place where Henry kept his booze, from the stores of which, at dinner, he would draw six gallons of beer and ale and four quarts of wine.

The royal wine cellar of the sixteenth century was brought to light last November in the course of restoration work at the old palace of Hampton Court. It was cleared of obstruction brick walls of later date and found to consist of solid stone pillars supporting a beautiful, groined roof, said to be one of the most perfect specimens of Tudor subterranean architecture in existence.

The regulations for the management of the King's Cellar show that the Master of the Household allowed the Lord Chamberlain to have four gallons of ale and a quart and a half of wine at his meals. In addition to what they could drink at the public table, a duke or duchess had a personal allowance of a gallon of ale in the morning, another in the afternoon and a third, with a pitcher of wine, after supper; but a countess was allowed nothing at all after supper.

For his own use the Master of the Household asked each day ten gallons of ale for dinner and ten for supper, with four quarts and two pints of wine for each meal.

The ale was no thin brew of doubtful strength. It had to be found "good, wholesome and perfect stuffe and worthy of the kynges money." The royal brewers were enjoined to put "neither hoppers nor brimstone in their ale," and neglect of these regulations meant forfeiture of a month's wages for the first offense and a term of imprisonment in the Marshalsea for the second. They had a short and sharp way of dealing with

On the Right—
Entrance to the Old
"Drunkynge Howse,"
Now a Rendezvous of
Tourists.



Section of the Old Cellar, Where Wine-Casks and Rare Vintages Were Stored for the Royal Orgies. This Vault Is Sixty Feet Wide.

audulteration when the Merry Monarch reigned; but, in spite of the heavy penalties for misdeeds, the wine sellers were subject to strict ordinances. The "Sergeant of the Seller" occupied a responsible post. His duty it was to see that the cellars were kept scrupulously clean; that the wines, beer and ale should be "good and meet to be spent in the kynges house to his honour." All vessels were to be of "full gauge" and "filled full to the brims," each measure being "tried at the hew house," previous to the "bestowing and laying in of the beer and ale."

So great was the volume of wine kept in store that the "New Wynne Seller" was of enormous proportions, although there was additionally the vast cellage under the Great Hall, which included the "Pitcher House" and the "Kynge's Bolerie."

These and many other interesting facts

Medieval
Drawing of the
Famous Cellar, Which Is
Being Used Now as a Custom
Sign and Advertising Poster for the
Resurrected Cellar.

relating to the spacious days of the Tudor and Stuart periods are embodied in a book which Ernest Law, C. B., author of "The History of Hampton Court," published simultaneously with the opening of the King's "New Wynne Seller" to the public as a tourists' inn.

Mr. Law has been a consistent advocate



Merry Old King Henry VIII, at One of His "Wynne Seller" Orgies, as Depicted by Adolf Mense's Striking Painting.

of the desirability for excavating the site of the old moat since 1890, and his patience is more than rewarded by the treasures which have been unearthed.

6 Little Princes Out of a Job

SIX little princes of Persia, sons of Ahmed Shah, the last of the Kazar monarchs of Persia, represent six minor problems of the new Shah of Persia, Riza Khan, who has been called the Mussolini of Persia.

The former Prime Minister, who swept away the feudal systems while the Shah was in what amounted to virtual exile in Europe, and who had no trouble in effecting a bloodless revolution, doesn't know what to do with the six little princes of Persia, who are shown in the accompanying photograph in their glittering bejeweled raiment, which they will have to shed under the new regime.

They have been told they will have to go to work like everybody else in Persia. But they have no trades. Getting jobs for princes is a matter that may prove difficult even for a man like Riza Khan. At the present time he is a pretty busy man himself. Despite the traditional conservatism of the East, the new Shah of Persia is rapidly installing the adjuncts of accidental civilization. Since his meteoric rise from obscurity to power in 1924 he has been establishing railways, irrigation systems, factories and schools, and recently there was a celebration to mark the first train to run through the streets of Tabriz.

Perhaps if the six little princes will follow the example of Riza Khan they will amount to something some day. The rise of Riza Khan provides one of the romances of modern times. A few years ago Riza was a private in the Persian army, and one of his duties was to parade up and down as a sentry in front of the palace in which he now rules.

Shortly after Ahmed Shah was deposed, the Crown Prince and his mother were deported. The six little princes, however, are still on Riza Khan's hands.



The Six Deposed Princes of Persia, in Their Glittering and Bejeweled Raiment, Which They Will Have to Shed Under the New Regime, Which Requires That They Become Useful Citizens and Go to Work.

The World's Biggest Submarine

GREAT BRITAIN boasts the largest as well as the fastest submarine, the X-1, designed for accompanying the battle fleet in the character of a submarine destroyer, ready at the proper moment to dive and attack the enemy's line with torpedoes; and secondly, for long range reconnaissance. It could be employed also as a patrol ship on ocean routes liable to be menaced by enemy commerce destroyers.

With her Diesel engines, the X-1 has a much wider radius of action than the 24-knot British "K" boats, driven by steam. Her 22-knot speed is sufficient to enable her to accompany a battle fleet steaming at full speed. She has a displacement of 3,600 tons, four 12-inch guns and carries a crew of 120 men.

Considering how short a time submarines have been in use as a serviceable instrument of naval warfare, the rapidity of their development is astonishing. The first British sub, "Holland No. 1," launched only a quarter of a century ago, displaced but 120 tons, one-third of the displacement of the latest model. Next in order of size to the X-1 is the K-26, another British submarine, which displaces 2,770 tons.

Professor Oswald Flann, one of the ablest of German naval architects, who took a prominent part in the construction of the wartime "U-boats," recently completed designs for a submersible cruiser of 7,067 tons surface displacement, with a length of 403 feet and a 49-foot beam. The deck, the sides and the conning tower of the boat of his design, in fact the whole part of the vessel which is to be exposed when traveling on the surface, are plated with 5-inch armor, representing a total weight of 614 tons. Sufficient oil fuel can be stored on the Flann sub for a continuous voyage of 22,000 sea miles at a speed of from eleven to twelve knots. A crew of a hundred men is required to work the vessel, which can submerge in one minute.



The British Submarine X-1, Designed as a Raider, and the Biggest and Fastest Undersea Craft in the World.

Insured Her Smile Ten Years for \$250,000

LONDON, June 17. MISS FAY MARBE, the American actress, in what is believed to be the first transaction of its kind ever recorded, has insured her smile for ten years with a British insurance company for the sum of \$250,000.

The policy provides that the insurance shall be paid if at any time within the next ten years her smile loses its charm because of accident or illness. The amount of the premium paid by Miss Marbe for this remarkable policy was not disclosed when the transaction was announced.

It is well known that Lloyd's of London issues insurance on almost anything. Numerous famous pianists have insured their hands, great dancers their legs, hypnotists their eyes, singers their throats. Lloyd's has issued insurance which covered the birth of twins, triplets and quadruplets. For a premium sufficiently high the famous firm will insure almost anybody against almost anything. But this is the first case of record where smile insurance has been issued.

Why did Miss Marbe pay what must have been a good-sized premium to insure her smile? Of course, a smile is known to be a great asset to a pretty woman, particularly if she is of the theatre. Fay Marbe's smile has always been one of her most delightful features. Quite recently she made it pay dividends of some \$25,000.

She was engaged to play a role in a London musical comedy. Her name was up in lights, she had even received an advance on her salary when, all of a sudden, just before the opening, she was informed she could not play the part. Miss Marbe immediately sued the company for the amount of her contract, plus a healthy sum for damages which she felt were sustained by her reputation as a result of the action of the theatrical producing concern in thus taking away her role just before a premiere that all of Fay's American friends, both in London and at home, were watching.

It appears that the jealousy of Miss Ivy Tremont, the English star slated to play a part in the same production, was really responsible for the act of the management.

At any rate, the case came up, and Fay flashed her gorgeous smile at the British judge and the British jury and she won a complete victory. Her smile netted her considerably more than she has had to pay for the policy which insures her against losing the self-same smile for the next ten years.

"I see nothing remarkable in my insurance investment," said Miss Marbe when questioned by reporters. "I'm a comedienne. It is my business to make people smile. How can I make them smile if I don't keep my own smile in first-rate working order? It is just as good business for me to insure my smile as it was for my friend Pauline, the hypnotist, to insure his eyes. The famous dancer, Adelaide Greet, I understand, insures her legs for a sum even larger than I insured my smile for."

"The reason I purchased insurance for only ten years is because I figure that to be the limit of my professional career—at least, as an ingenue and a comedienne. Ten years from now, if I'm still on the stage, I'll be playing character roles, probably, in which a smile isn't as important as it is in the sort of roles I play today."

"I'm a great believer in insurance. I think we should all insure what we consider to be our greatest asset. Life insurance, of course, is most important. I think it should be made compulsory, as public school education is compulsory in the United States. All people of my profession, who have gained any eminence, should take out insurance against any sort of disability which might render them unfit to continue their careers. Then we would no longer have the tragedies that occur when successful actors or actresses have their livelihoods cut off by some accident which robs them of their appeal to the public."



Miss Fay Marbe, Who Has Insured Her Smile for \$250,000.

Her Jewels Pawned, Her Clothes in Rags—Mary Lygo Takes Poison

Tragic End of the Famous "Follies Beauty" Who Loved Unwisely, Threw Away Her Opportunities of a Promising Stage Career and, With Fading Charms, Finally Ends It All Because She Could Not Face Poverty

HOW did Mary Lygo "miss out" on her destiny? Miss Lygo, former Follies beauty, recently committed suicide in Hollywood. She had made two previous "attempts," but this last time in Los Angeles she really meant it and she really did it.

Examination of her effects showed only worn out clothes and pawn tickets. She was down and out financially and with fading charms which the beauty experts had tried vainly to repair, there was no future for her but poverty. So Mary thought the logical end to her short life scenario was a "slow fade out" with poison. Yet she should have been rich, as the active or divorced wife of some millionaire, for nobody could have had a much better chance.

There is little question that the Follies is the greatest show window for a woman in the world. Merchants in the big cities pay fortunes for a few feet of window space in choice locations where the best customers saunter past, and for the same reason, it has been estimated, the two or three square feet of the stage occupied by a Follies girl is worth to her a million dollars. Out in front are the best customers, in the form of possible husbands, on earth. Yet, instead of paying for this precious space, she gets paid. However, to collect that theoretical million requires judgment which some girls have and some have not.

Mary Lygo had not, and "missed out." Apparently her trouble was that she loved not wisely but too well—also too easily. Mary was almost perfect in face, figure, voice and charm of manner; besides this she was that thing which all men agree is most desirable, a beautiful, one-man woman, and she had a million dollar start.

Never was the importance of judgment in love more clearly proved than in this tragic case. In 1920, Mary Lygo was often referred to as the prettiest girl in the Follies. This was a matter of opinion, but she had at least as good a chance as Helen Maginnis, another beauty who danced, smiled and bumped dimpled knees with her at every performance.

These alone came millionaire Gordon Constock Thorne, son of one of the founders of Montgomery Ward, the Chicago mail order house. Mary saw him first and he seems not to have seen Helen at all. Mary honestly and truly fell in love with the gilded youth and left the Follies to concentrate on him. Yet, in spite of that head start, her friend Helen married him and Mary is in her grave unmarried and broke. Helen had judgment.

Thorne had a wife, but in these days of easy divorce, that was no great obstacle. In seeing that he got his freedom, Mary needed that judgment which she lacked. A wiser girl would have kept right on before the footlights encouraging other

Gordon C. Thorne, Chicago Millionaire Who Flirted Through Her Life.



Follies ladies. It is the girl he has not got, and is just out of reach that he wants. She might have known that it was true in Thorne's case, or why would he be wandering from his own fireside? Still she really did love the young millionaire so much that it was hard to say no.

Mary moved to Chicago and was so demure and discreet in her behavior that neither Mrs. Thorne nor any of her social circle suspected the husband's visits to the girl's hotel apartment. She was happy and yet as the months rolled by, he did not seem to be doing anything about that divorce. Then came a glimmer of judgment or instinct which warned her that a passion, mad enough to make a man think of leaving a wife for whom he really cared, would not burn at that insane heat forever.

She might, with judgment, still have saved the situation. If she had quietly suggested to dip into a man's pockets, she might have found a way out. Realizing that these tactics were only driving him away, Mary turned to more desperate measures. An attempt at suicide has stamped Mary a wavering man into running to the marriage license bureau, but this scheme is good only with bachelors, free to act on the impulse which soon wears off, leaving an un-

admirer, just enough but not too much and never letting this amorous married man get nearer than the opposite side of a supper table.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," does not apply to a man in love, say the wiser

admirers, just enough but not too much and never letting this amorous married man get nearer than the opposite side of a supper table.

While the panic was on him, Thorne might just as easily have been induced to run for a minister as a doctor, but he would have done no good for he was still married. Now the reaction set in and he went out laughing hysterically. At home, in the morning, however, he did not laugh, when his wife read all about it in the paper.

Mary wanted Thorne divorced and Mrs. Thorne lost no time in fulfilling that wish. But the thing had been done wrong and the Follies beauty got no real satisfaction from it. The scandal and publicity had drawn the unfavorable attention of the young man's mother. He was free to pay attention to Mary and he did, covering the suicide slash on her arm with a diamond bracelet which showed sympathy. Better yet, he bought her \$5,000 worth of improving books which showed serious intentions.

He must have been persuaded that it was his duty to marry a girl who took love seriously enough to slash her lovely arm. However, Mary's diary records how he kept putting off the happy day. It reads:

"Nov. 7. Promised to marry me today, but now he is asking thirty days extension."

One Saturday, according to the diary, he celebrated the occasion all the previous night and then slept until the marriage license bureau was closed. Monday, business interfered and so it went until finally he put the ceremony off indefinitely and Mary heard that Thorne was seeing her friend Helen Maginnis. That was the end of their friendship and yet it was not Helen but Thorne's mother, Mrs. William C. Thorne, camp, who broke up the romance. It takes a woman to puncture a woman's arguments and Mrs. Camp did it—also she held the puppets.

This situation called for heroic measures and Mary could think of nothing better than to play that suicide card again. She called Mr. Thorne on the telephone and confessed that she was about to sleep into the next world unless he came right over and stopped her. All she got was a laugh and the advice to do it in the bathroom again where it would not make a mess and not forget to call up the doctor first, also to be careful or some day she might hurt herself.

Indignant at such sarcasm, Mary really did swallow some venom and did not call the doctor—until afternoon. She was sick and had no unpleasant experience with the stomach pump. Instead of filling her room at the hospital with flowers of remorse and messages begging her to live for his sake, Thorne speeded away to Florida.

This would constitute desertion, cruelty and nonsupport and Mary could have won a divorce with ease in almost any state for the fact that she was not married. She had "missed out" on alimony, dower rights, custody of the children and all the other perquisites that go with liquidation of a marriage. There remained one last resort, a breach of promise suit. Mary got out one for \$100,000 and when Thorne's mother referred to her as a vampire she said her, too, in the same amount for slander.

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she settled both suits for a total of \$8,000. With this pitiful dividend, the unhappy girl tried what she should have done long before, to go back to the "Follies."

It was too late now. Her sorrows or easy living or something had taken the fine edge from her physical perfection. She would not quite do. Fresher beauty claimed her space in the million-dollar show window. She did get a minor role in "The Miracle" and a few other productions, finally drifting out to Hollywood where she had heard that a "Follies" graduate gets attention. Mary got it and a few small film parts but the velvet of the projection room was not "Not so good."

What was the matter? The chief trouble seemed to be that her eyes were not wide enough. On the stage this defect is easily disguised by a little make-up in the corners, but no such trick can be played on the camera, in close-ups. Mary brought her eye-problem to one of the Los Angeles facial plastic surgeons who specialize in giving people "seven faces."

The surgeon guaranteed to lengthen her eyes 25 per cent by "button-holing" them and named a fee that would take most of what was left of that \$8,000. Mary sighed and submitted and the doctor made good. The operation, done with novocain, was not painful. He slit the corners of her eyes where the lids meet, sewed the edges of the skin to the flesh beneath so that they would look like lids and not like the edges of a scar and for ten days kept his patient in smocked goggles. Every day by breaking the granulations, he had to prevent nature from drawing the lids together. This hurt and every time she winked it hurt but Mary was satisfied for she turned out with eyes 25 per cent wider.

Still Mary did not screen right and the experts could not tell her why. She dropped from small parts to being just an "extra," concealing her mortification under the name of Irene Goodall. One after the other, her expensive clothes wore out and then she learned that these as much as anything had won her the despised extra jobs. Her last piece of jewelry was pawned for the experiment of bleaching her black hair.

When even this failed to please the heartless camera, she felt that she was at the end of her rope. She was still young, beautiful and healthy. Such a girl need never starve in the world's richest country, but Mary foresaw poverty if she went back to the stage or became a shop girl. She might easily have caught a husband who would have given her more than the average wife gets, but Mary was a one-lives woman.

Meanwhile her former friend, Helen Maginnis had demonstrated what Mary, with judgment, might have done. Helen, by keeping Thorne at a proper distance, made him so eager that he married her in spite of his non-too-enthusiastic mother. True, that romance did not last long but it ended conventionally with divorce and such liberal alimony that if the second Mrs. Thorne does not die prematurely, she will have collected more than the million that is coming to her and she won't have to use judgment about it either.

Comparing this success with her own failure was too much for poor Mary Lygo. She swallowed a whole bottle of sleeping tablets and this time she did not call the doctor. Hollywood was puzzled out Broadway said: "No judgment."

Last Photograph of Mary Lygo—Unconscious and Dying From a Dose of Poison.



Mary Lygo at the Height of Her Popularity as a "Follies" Girl.



Using Colors Instead of Drugs to Cure Pain and Disease

THE use of music in the cure of disease is a comparatively recent development in the science of medicine. More revolutionary still is the use of colors to alleviate pain and heal sickness.

In London the noted physician, Dr. J. Dodson Hesse, has been conducting a series of experiments which appear to prove that certain colors have distinctively curative values. Green, blue and orange seem to be the best colors for healing purposes. For nervous disorders green was proven to be a great aid, for it has a distinctly sedative quality. Orange has the reverse effect. It stimulates, tones up, vitalizes. Hence, Dr. Hesse says, it is the ideal color to use in cases of melancholia and depression.

Blue also acts as a tonic. The effect of the color blue is actual, not merely psychological, Dr. Hesse insists. It contracts the capillaries and cools the blood. Patients who undergo the new color treatments for disease are exposed to the colored lights selected for stated intervals each day. The lights used are usually thousand candle-power globes, and the patient usually wears only a thin covering, so that the color can easily get to the body.

Explaining his theories concerning the treatment of disease by colors, in a recent address before an audience of physicians in London, Dr. Hesse said:

"It is my contention that color has the power of affecting all the various aspects of man. It operates physically through the impact of light on the body, with possible penetration. Emotionally it operates as in the color of a flower or a sunset. Mentally it operates through harmonious or conflicting arrangement of hues."

"The treatment of disease by color was in vogue at one time in the treatment of smallpox, when red light was reputed to hasten the separation of the scab and reduce scarring. In more modern days



Local Treatment of a Patient for Rheumatism of the Left Arm by Using a Blue Ray. The Silk Cloth Thrown Over the Patient Must Conform With the Color Light.

various forms of light have been used—violet-rays, Finson light, X-rays—all closely allied to color.

"It is a matter of common knowledge that color was largely employed during the war for the treatment of shell shock and allied conditions."

"As to the methods of application, I must confine myself to a description of my own, as I have not had much experience of the work of other men on these lines."

"There is first, the surroundings of the patient with color, by means of wall cov-

erings, papers, hangings; by using curtains, bed spreads, pillow slips of the shade required."

"Then there is the application of color by means of a screened lamp, so shaded that the light all passes through a screen of the desired color, which slips into a slot at the bottom of the lamp, and is easily changeable. To increase the value of the light I have arranged a small gallery, which is attached to the light, from which can be hung a silk curtain of the same color as the screen, thus giving reflected as well as transmitted light."

Headaches
Are
Relieved by the
Green
Ray Which
Reduces
Blood Pressure
When Applied
Properly

"The patient is placed in a comfortable chair under the lamp, with the curtain some twelve inches in front, the room being otherwise darkened."

Bathtub for Each Pupil

LONDON, June 17.

AT a recent pedagogic conference in London, a prominent educator made the statement that modern educational institutions, particularly the public schools, would be greatly improved if the boards of education worried less about atlases and more about bathtubs.

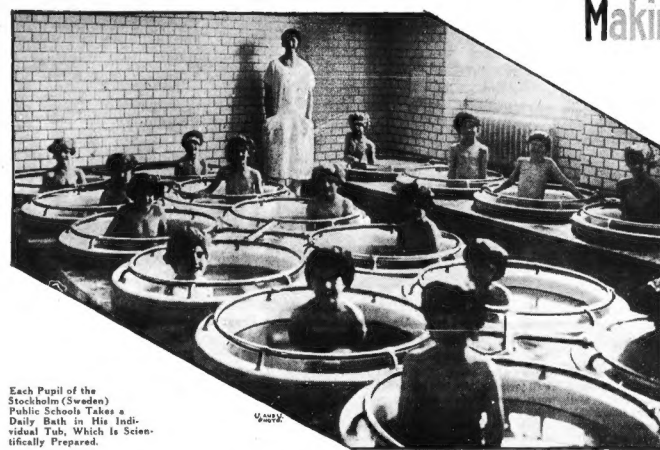
The educational and health authorities in Sweden immediately took the tip, and equipped their public schools with bathtubs, so that each child attending not only has a seat to sit in, but a tub to bathe in, with compulsory bathing periods.

The fact is that in Sweden, as in many other parts of Europe, bathing facilities in private homes are not what they are in the United States, where almost every home has its tub into which, by the turn of a faucet, there will flow either cold or hot water. The result is that the children, as well as the adults, make a bath a weekly, sometimes a monthly, occurrence. Consequently the percentage of disease among the children is considerably greater than it is in the United States. The authorities in some of the European cities, recognizing the need, instituted public baths, conveniently located, but even that failed to bring about daily bathing on the part of the children. It was realized that the only way to have the children take daily tubs was to make it a part of the school routine.

Since the system was started, there has been a noticeable decrease in children's diseases. The health authorities of Sweden are so well pleased by the experiment that they are trying to figure out ways to make daily bathing compulsory for adults as well as children. "A bath a day will wash the doctor away" is the new slogan for Sweden.



Photograph of One of the Strange Phonograph Fish Caught in the Caribbean Sea.



Each Pupil of the Stockholm (Sweden) Public Schools Takes a Daily Bath in His Individual Tub, Which Is Scientifically Prepared.

You'd Go to Jail for Bringing This Costume to America

THE accompanying photograph shows Nadja, the famous dancer of Paris, in her Bird of Paradise costume, which recently attracted a great deal of attention when it was exhibited in a revue.

It will never be worn by the dancer in the United States. Nadja would risk a substantial fine, possibly jail, if she attempted to bring her Bird of Paradise costume into this country. The law in the United States prohibits the importation and use of bird of paradise plumes, and provides for the seizure of such feathers wherever a fine is levied against such persons who attempt to bring the feathers into this country.

In Paris the Society for Bird Protection has for years been waging a fight to bring about a

similar law. The feathers that go into the adornment of fashionable wraps and dresses are plucked from the flesh of birds of paradise. When hunters shoot the birds the little ones are usually left to die in the nest. It was estimated that thousands of birds were killed each year just for the feathers that went into the Parisian millinery shops.

Then the women began to use the aigrettes for costume ornaments. The members of the society appealed to women not to wear the dresses with their displays of symbols of cruelty and called upon the Chamber of Deputies to pass a law prohibiting the use of feathers from birds of paradise for purposes of adornment.

Unfortunately, both moves failed. The love of the Frenchwoman for personal adornment ap-

peared to outweigh her sympathy for the birds. The proposed law was considered a blow against the fashion-makers of France, one of the industries of which she was most proud. The slaughter of birds of paradise continued for the French market.

At present France is the only country where bird of paradise feathers are extensively used. In Germany the example of fashionable women to refuse to wear them has done almost as much as a law could do to keep the plumes out of the country.

Moreover, efforts have been made to prevent the extermination of birds of paradise. The work was started by the late Sir William Ingram, whose interest in ornithology took him into almost every part of the world. One of his last expeditions was to Guiana to produce specimens of the gorgeous birds. While there he purchased an island preserve and stocked it with a number of the birds, which were protected from the rifles of plume hunters.

Periodically, however, in Paris actresses seeking to startle the public appear in costumes decorated with thousands of dollars' worth of the beautiful plumes. Nadja created a sensation with her bird of paradise costume, but it has provoked again the recurrent campaign of the Society for Bird Protection to make the wearing of the feathers illegal.



Nadja, the Interpretive Dancer, of Paris in Her "Bird of Paradise" Costume Which Would Be Seized by Customs Officers in America.

The Remarkable Phonograph Fish

MARINERS returning from a recent cruise in the Caribbean brought back verified accounts of a remarkable fish which casts new light on the ancient myth of the sirens. It was related that the seamen of old, when approaching dangerous rocky shoals, were lured to their destruction by sirens who played seductive music. The music, in the light of recent discoveries, may have been actual, not purely imaginative. It may have been the music of the strange sea creature called the Phonograph Fish, which is not at all uncommon in the Caribbean Sea.

Phonograph Fish is a misnomer. Its music has been likened to that of a fawhar, a violin, mandolin, mouth-organ and banjo. When a school of them get together, the effect of their music is that of a stringed orchestra. Sailors say the effect produced is startling. They have pronounced it to be music of a strangely beautiful kind.

Scientifically, the fish belongs to the remora family, otherwise known as Diacephali. There are several species of remora, but none have the wonderful musical talents of the Phonograph Fish.

A specimen recently captured was found to have a sucking plate at the top of its head, which has twenty-four slots that open and close at will, much in the manner of the Venetian blinds. It is thought that the tone chamber of the fish is centered in this extraordinary set of valves.

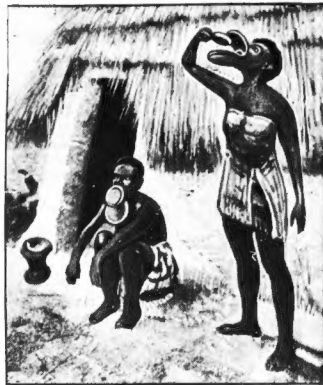
The fish give concerts that last from one to twelve hours. Although their music is beautiful and seductive, it is believed to be the harbinger of bad weather, and sea captains who hear the music immediately run for port.

So much for the fishy music which was said to lure men in Ulysses' time. As for the sirens which were said to have played the music, W. P. Fyercraft, eminent English naturalist, is authority for the statement that they were really the manatees that may be found on the shores of Africa, washed by the Atlantic, or from the dugong fish of the Indian Ocean. Both these fish, because of their resemblance to human beings (only from a distance, however, as they are of incredible ugliness) have been placed in a class by themselves, and are called sirenias. They have a curious habit of swimming with their heads and necks above water.

**Colossal Sunspots Now Visible Show
a Condition of Unusual Solar
Radiation Which Is
Affecting World
Weather and Producing
Violent Tornadoes in
the "Danger Area"
of the Middle West**

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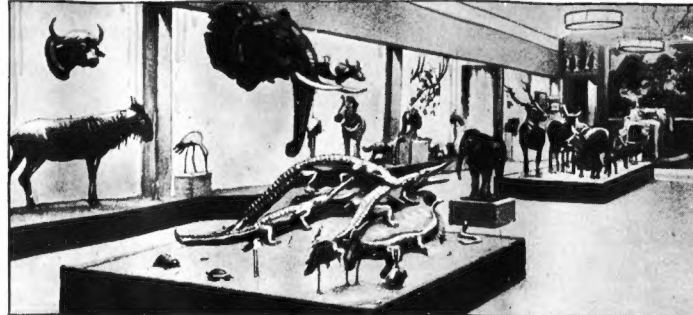
To Preserve The Curious Relics of African Native Life Before They Become Extinct



Lake Chad Women, Near Fort Archambaud, With Their Curiously Deformed Lips, Stretched by the Insertion of Discs During Childhood.

THE French lovers of natural history have decided that the wild life of Africa must be preserved for future generations. They believe that it will soon disappear from its native haunts before the encroachments of civilization. The wild, tom-tom beating savages, the lions, elephants, gnus and crocodiles will vanish before the railway and the bulldozer. Already a railway runs all the way from the Cape to Cairo.

Then how can African wild life be preserved? Certain ingenious and wealthy Frenchmen, headed by M. Citroen, have decided that the best way to do it is by a great exhibition showing the most interesting scenes of African human and animal life in a life-like manner. An expedition was sent out provided



The Principal Room of the Museum Exhibiting the Animal and Game Species of Africa.

with unlimited resources to gather the material. It was planned that the exhibits should include reconstructions of native life, stuffed animals and examples of native art.

The collection has now been completed, and is on exhibition in the Pavillon de Marignan, a wing of the Louvre belonging to the French Government.

Here you can see queer native women with lips as big as plates, pygmies in the forest, and wild beasts fighting one another. The groups are similar in character to those representing prehistoric life in the New York Museum of Natural History.

Anybody who walks through the Paris building feels that he has made a trip through Darker Africa.

The expedition that gathered the material started from French territory on the Mediterranean and made its way completely across Africa to the island of Madagascar, which lies off the east coast. The explorers visited the Sahara desert, the River Niger, Lake Chad, the Congo, the Nile and the great African lakes.

Among the most remarkable groups are those representing the Sarag-djinges, or "duck-lipped" women of the Lake Chad region, the Mangbutu pygmies and the proud, colorful, dusky beauties of the Magaia zone.

The exhibition shows us a family of the duck-lipped women feeding themselves at the door of a hut. The explorers say that their most curious experience was to hear a party of Sarag-djinges women marching to the fields with their lips clacking together with a rhythmic sound.

The successive stages by which the lips are deformed have been studied. When the girl is four or five years old her future husband makes a hole in the centre of the upper and lower lips with a rough knife or a big thorn. Through the holes he places thick solid straws or reeds.

In a few weeks, when the girl has become used to the punctures, wooden pegs the size of a lead pencil are pushed into the holes. Three months later, when the lips have become accustomed to the distension, larger pegs are inserted.

Every three months wooden pegs a size larger than the last are inserted in the lips, which appear to have an indefinite capacity for stretching. When the girl is twelve years old she wears pegs three inches wide in the lower lip and two in the upper.

Finally the solid pegs become too heavy to be carried and flat wooden discs hollowed out on each side are used instead. At sixteen a girl wears a disc five inches wide in the lower lip and three inches wide in the upper. Long before this she is married, and her husband is proud of possessing a wife with extremely large lips.

An African Belle, Favorite of the Native Chief in the Magaia Zone, Having Her Coiffure Arranged by One of Her Less Favored Sisters.

At twenty-five a fashionable matron of the Sarag-djinges tribe is likely to have discs seven inches wide in the lower lip and five inches wide in the upper. Up to this time the discs stick straight out like birds' bills, but now they drop down from their weight.

After this the larger discs are inserted about once a year. It is a matter of social pride with a woman to go on enlarging her lips as long as possible. Some of them are able to stretch their lips until they carry a disc twelve inches wide, or an inch wider than a full-size soup plate. The women who attain this supreme distinction are generally touching upon middle age.

It has been remarked that if European women stretched their lips in one-half this extreme the irritation would probably cause cancer or some other deadly disease. Investigators have not found any trace of such a result among the Sarag-djinges women.

Her vulnerability to cancer is supposed to be partly due to our rich, stimulating diet and the hot beverages we drink. The Sarag-djinges women enjoy a mild vegetable diet and not much of that.

The enormous overgrowth of lip makes thorough chewing of food by these women impossible. They therefore nourish themselves almost entirely with liquid or semi-liquid food. When eating or drinking they are obliged to hold up the lower lip in order to guide the materials into the throat.

For drinking purposes the deformity has a marked advantage, as the distended hollowed lower lip holds a great amount of liquid.

Daily film projections made by the explorers help to give the French public an accurate idea of wild life in Africa. They show such stirring scenes as African tribes boating the war drum and charging lions.

Threatened To Spank His Wife, And She Shot Him

ON a farm by Tracey Creek, near Binghamton, New York, lived the Glens, Edith and her wife, Edith. They were in moderate circumstances. Although they had no car, they owned a horse and wagon and could go to Binghamton to the movies whenever the weather wasn't too bad. They had a radio, they got a daily newspaper from Binghamton, and on Sunday they got newspapers from New York.

Yet time was not to hang heavy, especially when the fall of the year merged into winter. The radio grew monotonous; it was no fun driving in the muddy roads. In the long winter afternoons and evenings it was easy to quarrel. Upon one essential point the Glens differed, and there was a great deal of argument on this subject. Sometimes their high-pitched

voices could be heard out in the road which passed their house. It was about the children. There were Edith, seven years old, and Robert, thirteen. They were the children of Mrs. Glenn and her second husband, David W. Austin. She had married Austin after the death of her first husband, Deland Boughton. When Austin died he left her two farms at Tracey Creek, and they were lonesome places without a man around the big farmhouse. Mrs. Austin met Glenn through a matrimonial paper to which they both subscribed. They were married after a mail-order correspondence. Glenn knew the woman had been married twice before; he knew about the children. And he knew about the two farms.

They got along fairly well, except for the children. Glenn believed in corporal punishment for children. Mrs. Glenn disagreed with him. She thought he was too willing to punish Edith and Robert for the slightest offense.

"You spank them," she told him, "not always because they deserve spanking. You spank them because they're not your children. You will gain nothing by it. You will only cause them to hate you."

"Spare the rod," quoted Glenn, "and spoil the child. And the woman, too, I am not above spanking you when you deserve it."

"You will never spank me," said his wife, and she didn't smile. There came a day when Glenn fancied it was necessary to punish little Edith. He picked up and spanked the little girl until she screamed. When he let her go he looked up and frowned at the strange expression on the face of Edith's mother.

"You don't approve of that, do you?" he asked.

"No, I don't," said his wife. "And this is the last time you ever spank my children. From now on I mean to protect them."

"That sort of talk," stated Glenn angrily, "undoes all the good I've done by spanking Edith. Just for that I'll spank you!"

She waited quietly in the chair upon which she was seated as her husband approached her. He put his hand on her shoulder and she rose. He reached over to grip her, and there was a scuffle. Nearly stood Robert. Mrs. Glenn's son, tears streaming down his face. He cried to his stepfather to stop, but it was too late. Inflamed with anger because of his wife's resistance, the man swung his fist, catching the woman on the side of her face. She fell to the floor.

Aware now that he had gone too far, he stooped to help her to her feet. She repelled his effort of assistance, arose quickly and ran from the room. Glenn followed her, mumbling words, half of justification, half of apology. He met her as she was coming out of her bedroom. In her hand was a big revolver.

Without a word she fired. The bullet glanced along his skull.

"For goodness sake—" Again she fired. The second bullet struck his right arm, and he stumbled to the door. This time there was stark terror in his voice as he cried out to his grimaced wife. A third time she fired, and this time the bullet went into his body, through his lung. He tumbled across the stairs and rolled down several of the steps.

"Your stepfather," Mrs. Glenn calmly informed the terror-stricken children, "will never spank you again."

She was faint, and little Robert had to help her bring the wounded man downstairs. They placed him on a lounge. Mrs. Glenn telephoned a physician and when he arrived and examined Glenn he told the wife to take him at once to a hospital in Binghamton.

The farm woman hitched up the horse. They placed the body of Glenn in the wagon. Miles over the muddy country roads she drove to the hospital in the city. Across from the hospital was the police station. When she left her wounded husband she surrendered to Chief of Police Daniel Frutiger, and concisely stated the circumstances.

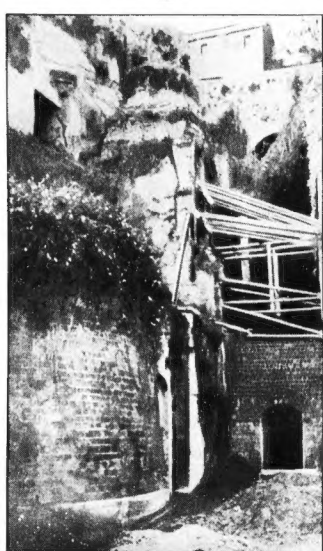
From his hospital bed the next day Glenn said:

"Maybe I was wrong. I don't want her punished."

Mrs. Glenn's attorney, William H. Riley, says she will never have to face a jury on any charge in connection with the shooting. District Attorney Erwin O. Lyons doesn't express himself as openly, but he admits a jury would never convict the wife.

"No matter what happens," says Mrs. Glenn firmly, "he will never spank my children again."

Saving The Ancient Tomb of Virgil From Destruction



The Tomb of Virgil, Shown on the Left, Which Is to Be Protected From Water Running Down From the Hills by Huge Buttresses.

VIRGIL is perhaps a name more familiar to Americans than that of any other Latin poet, but not so many are aware that his tomb is still in existence.

Just now the great man's tomb is in danger of falling down, and Premier Mussolini has given orders that it shall be restored carefully and thoroughly.

The tomb is rather curiously situated at the bottom of one of the very steep cliffs that surround the beautiful Bay of Naples. In this position it seems constantly in danger of being destroyed by material falling from above, but in spite of such dangers it has endured for 1945 years.

Infiltrations of water from the neighboring hills have for a long time threatened the destruction of the tomb, and now at last a point has been reached where repairs must no longer be delayed. Action was particularly necessary because the Italian Government is preparing for the two thousandth anniversary of the birth of the poet this year.

Huge buttresses to support the tomb and conduits to carry away the menacing water have been constructed. All around myrtle trees and laurels, which the poet loved, will be planted. The surroundings of the tomb have for centuries been

sadly neglected. Walls to support the overhanging hill were constructed haphazard in past centuries, and present anything but an imposing appearance.

Premier Mussolini is desirous that Virgil's tomb shall be preserved because the poet wrote the most inspiring epic of the origin of the Roman Empire and the Caesars. Virgil in his "Aeneid," as most schoolboys will recall, related how the brave Aeneas and the Goddess Venus became the progenitors of the great family of Julius Caesar. Old Virgil's splendid way of telling this patriotic story, published at the time the Roman Empire was newly founded had more to do with promoting its dominion over the whole known world.

Mussolini, who acts like Caesar himself, wishes Italians to remember the power Rome once exercised in the world and to regain it. Virgil and Mussolini have the same message for Italians.

Virgil died in his fifty-first year, a few days after returning from Greece. He was worn out by traveling in the service of the Emperor while sick. Although born in pagan times, his character was so fine that he has always been regarded in Italy as almost a saint.

Why The Bride Was Wed In Overalls

NOT infrequently, in this jazz-ridden age, you read of a bride insisting that this or that word be deleted from the time-honored marriage vows.

There have, in fact, been instances where the bride wrote her own vows, to suit her own philosophy of life.

Ena Haynes, of Denver, Colo., 29 years old and not hard to look at, didn't find any objection to the standard as regards marriage vows when she walked to the altar with Nolan Flowers, but she wrought a very decided change in the matter of bridal attire.

No tulle, old lace and orange blossom for Miss Ena! No—no! In fact, no bridal gown at all. Just overalls. Plain, everyday blue denim overalls.

And the groom wore overalls, too.

"My husband and I do not agree with the theory that clothes make the man," she said, "or the woman, either, for that matter."

"We believe that all too often men and women let clothes make fools out of them."

"We didn't wear overalls at our wedding just to be bizarre, or out of the ordinary. It was simply a case of emphasizing our own philosophy—that marriage is labor."

"Nolan is going to work to make me happy, and I am going to work to make him happy."

When he comes home from work he'll find me in the kitchen getting a good, warm supper for him. And I'll be wearing my overalls, too. I believe the ordinary husband ap-

preciates something like that more than he does coming home to find wife planted in the parlor with a looking glass in one hand and a powder puff in the other; a book in her lap and a box of candy at her elbow. That stuff makes a pretty picture on the cover of a magazine, but you can't live on it."

To which the groom vouchsafed a fervent "Amen!"

"Ena has more sound, common sense than most women I've met," he declared. "It was her idea that we get married in overalls and that she continue to wear overalls around the house. I couldn't quite see it, at first, but she converted me."

"A lot of young people splurge on clothes and trimmings when they get married; and they wake up to find themselves head over heels in debt. The first thing you know they have to make sacrifices to meet the bills when they fall due and one or the other begins cringing about that. One little spat leads to another and then, bingo! The love bubble bursts. The first cost of a pair of overalls isn't much. And the upkeep isn't heavy, either."

Mrs. Flowers isn't certain that she will stick to the overalls when she begins to "take on weight for age." She says she will cross that bridge when she gets to it.

"But if I live up to the rules I have in mind now," she said, "I don't anticipate that I'll get any stouter than I am now."



Nolan Flowers, of Denver, Colorado, and His Bride, Who Was Miss Ena Haynes, in Their Wedding Costumes.

Drowns Her Little Step-Daughter to Punish Her Husband

Pitiful Story of the Sixteen-Year-Old Bride of a Seventy-Two-Year-Old Man Who Could Think of No Other Way to Express Her Resentment of Her Wretched Life

The Pole Protruding Out of the Pool Indicates Where the Tragedy Took Place. On the Rock in the Background the Two Little Ones Undressed and Left Most of Their Clothes.

WITHIN prison walls that so kindly shut out the miseries of the world of freedom, Jessie Blankenship Cooper at 16 has found her first happiness. When from doors clanked as she entered the State penitentiary in McAlester, Okla., she escaped from marital ties that bound her to a 72-year-old Indian as his fifth wife. She got away from months of whippings administered by her father after she married the old Indian. She left behind long hours of daily toil and poor food and scanty clothes.

And best of all, she was able to give hours of undisturbed thought to her greatest sorrow, the fact that she had seized by the throat her 5-year-old step-daughter and had held her under water until she was dead. Being able to think it all over was a relief after months of quizzing and court trials and confusion that followed her confession that she had slain the child in resentment over her own sufferings as wife of the child's father.

And now, when State charity and social workers discuss treating her, Jessie Cooper says she does not desire liberty from prison—if it means the old life. In the State prison she can sew and do other tasks of light nature only for a stated number of hours and then she can rest.

In the other days she did not know what rest was.

On the back of the girl slayer, sentenced to serve the remainder of her days in the State prison, there now are no welts from a lash and on her hands are no bruises and stains from working fourteen hours a day. A cool cell, regular meals and a kind matron combine to make Jessie Cooper happy—by comparison, if not in fact.

The story of Jessie Cooper and the murder she committed and confessed without apparent emotion goes back to the days when she was a little child herself. Those were back-breaking days, for John Blankenship, her father, was a tenant farmer in the cotton zone of Oklahoma.

There were few days of school and even in those days there were heavy tasks after school hours. The father often was unable to buy or rent teams and he and his family toiled long hours in the fields.

Then came a glimpse of brighter days. Israel Cooper, part Indian and part white, owned a small farm near Kinta, Okla. Four wives had died while serving him as cooks and housekeepers and field hands. Old Man Cooper was alone in his four-room house and was growing too old to cultivate his fields. So he rented a part of his ground and a shack down in one corner of the farm to John Blankenship.

Israel Cooper was 72 years old. He had some money in the bank and had mules for plowing the Cooper place. The only surviving member of his family, beside himself, was Bonnie, a 6-year-old daughter by the last of four wives. So the Blankenships looked forward to a winter supply of food without help from charity organizations.

It was shortly after the Blankenships moved to the Cooper place that the old man began drifting down to the shack evenings. He talked mostly with John Blankenship but looked most of the time at Jessie, then 15 years old.

One evening the two men went out into the yard and talked for an hour and Israel Cooper came back alone and told Jessie Blankenship he wanted her to be his woman.

"You're pa says it's all right," he asked, "and you can have new dresses and live in my nice home."

Jessie accepted and soon she was the



Jessie Cooper, the 16-Year-Old Child Bride and Murderess.

fifth wife of Israel Cooper. No longer, she believed, was she to be compelled to work long hours in the field. She would be mistress of the Cooper farm. But it was an idle dream.

The girl found she had trained one kind of hardship for another—given up one stern master for another. From early morning until late at night she toiled. In addition to cooking and washing and gardening and trying to please a complaining husband, she found little Bonnie hard to handle. The child had not known restraint and refused to obey the young step-mother. And Jessie was not permitted to reprimand or punish the child.

The aged man "set store by" the child—so use Oklahoma squatter language. He upheld the little one in defying the young step-mother. The husband had no money to waste on the fifth wife. It was just one long day of toil after another.

Then came a break in the dull routine. Joe Ann, 52 years old and ready with quips and jokes, came to the Cooper home as a farm hand and visitor. The young wife, despite frowning looks by her husband, found time between tasks in the evenings to stop and listen and laugh at weird stories Joe Ann told. He had some fun in him and that was something new for the young wife.

But the aged husband was jealous and

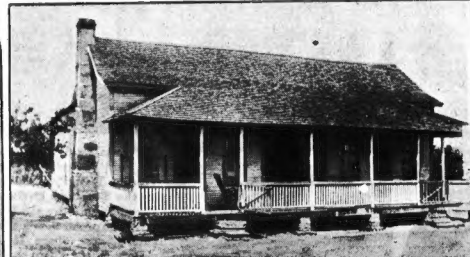
reported to the wife's father that she was paying too much attention to Joe Ann. So John Blankenship took the matter in hand and appeared at the Cooper home with a whip with which he gave the young wife a lashing—to teach her not to laugh at others' jokes when her husband was around. That lashing darkened the soul of Jessie Cooper.

"I'll get even," she mumbled as she went heavy footed about her work.

But how? That was the question. How could she get even with old Israel Cooper when all there was for her to do was to cook and sweep and wash and iron and hoe and mend?

What would hurt him most? Jessie Cooper pondered that question for days. Then one bright summer day Bonnie Cooper asked the young step-mother to take her down to a nearby creek to wade. The young wife, knowing such idleness would draw the wrath of her husband, decided to defy him and give the child that bit of pleasure.

They walked through the orchard and down to the creek. The child pulled off all her garments and the step-mother all but one thin one. They waded out into the creek. Then it dawned upon Jessie Cooper what would hurt old Israel most of all—for something to happen to his cherished Bonnie.



The Home of the Coopers Near Kinta, Oklahoma.



Israel Cooper, the 72-Year-Old Husband of 16-Year-Old Jessie.

The 16-year-old girl saw red. She forgot that persons were working in a field near there. She did not even think of such things as penalties and punishments. In her world of ignorance and long hours of work she had heard little of the law. All she knew was that she wanted to get even with her father and her husband and the others who had tried to compel her to be obedient to her husband.

Questioning of the young wife by Ben W. Below, county attorney of Slicker, Okla., brought out the story of the drowning as follows:

QUESTION—How old are you, Jessie?

ANSWER—Sixteen.

Q—You say you are married?

A—Yes.

Q—Your husband's name is Israel Cooper?

A—Yes.

Q—How long have you been married?

A—A year last August 6th.

Q—Now, how old a man is your husband?

A—He says he is seventy-two. I don't know how old, that is what he says.

Q—Had he been married before you and he married?

A—He had been married four times before you and he married?

Q—Did he die?

A—Not long.

Q—Did you take her little body out of

Q—Were any of the children by these other marriages living at home there with you and your husband?

A—None but little Bonnie, five years old.

Q—This little Bonnie, your step-child, is she living or dead?

A—She is not living here, I know.

Q—She is dead?

A—Yes, she died here, I know.

Q—When did she die?

A—On the 14th of June, 1928.

Q—Do you know where she died?

A—Down at the creek.

Q—You say the little girl died there in that creek on Monday, the 14th day of June. How did she meet her death, how did she happen to die?

A—Because I done it.

Q—About what time of the day was it?

A—It was after three o'clock.

Q—Did you hold the little child under the water there?

A—Yes, I did.

Q—How did you get the little girl to go down to this water?

A—Just went down there to go in swimming.

Q—About how long do you think you were down at the creek, all together?

A—Not long.

Q—Fifteen minutes or something like that?

A—Something like that.

Q—How long did you and the little girl stay in the water before you decided to drown her?

A—Not long.

Q—Was she near you when you started to take hold of her? Did she come to you or you go to her?

A—Down toward the house.

Q—Near where the body was said to have been found down there?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—What place in the creek did you drown her?

A—Down toward the house.

Q—Where did you take hold of her?

A—Did she scream?

A—No.

Q—And you took hold of her by the throat with both hands about her neck?

A—Yes.

Q—Then what did you do?

A—Pushed her over, back down.

Q—Fifteen minutes do you think you held her under the water?

A—Not long.

Q—Did you take her little body out of

Suddenly the Thought Occurred to the Child Bride That Little Five-Year-Old Bonnie, to Whom Her Husband Was Devotedly Attached, Might Be Made the Instrument of Punishing Old Mr. Cooper for the Miseries of the Life the Young Bride Was Living. Seizing the Child by the Throat With Both Hands, Sixteen-Year-Old Jessie Bent Five-Year-Old Bonnie Backward and Held Her Head Under the Water Until All Was Over.

the water, lift her up or see whether she was alive?

A—I could see her hand and that was all.

Q—The rest of her body was under water?

A—Yes.

Q—You didn't look at her face any more after you shoved her under the water and drowned her?

A—No, I didn't.

Q—Did you look back after you started home?

A—Yes, and then went on.

Q—What did you look back for?

A—To see if she still was there.

Q—You were sorry after you killed her?

A—Yes, after they brought her in I was.

A jury urged clemency but a judge ordered imprisonment for life. Then came another problem. The work was coming to see the 16-year-old life-taker.

So transportation of the prisoner to the State penitentiary was delayed. With an iron about her wrist and one about her ankle, she was chained and the girl gave birth in a county jail to a boy. The baby was taken away from her and now is in care of John Blankenship and his wife—a step-mother of the baby's mother. Then came the State's prison.

"I don't mind being here if it wasn't that I would like to have my baby," said Jessie Cooper recently.

In prison the child slayer has learned many things, one of them pride in her appearance and cleanliness. When a photographer arrived at the prison to take her picture, she borrowed a white cap from another inmate.

"I was to long my best," she explained to the picture taker.

Since then other pictures have been taken but the cap was not needed for her hair had been lashed neatly and her face had combed to show the hard lines that remained there during her career as a wife and a step-mother and as a prisoner awaiting trial.

Israel Cooper has asked State authorities to pardon his wife and let her come back to him. But the young convict has not indulged the plea.

"I can think here and learn to be better and some day maybe they'll let me go where I can have my baby with me," she explained.

"I'm happier now than I ever was and some day I'll know real happiness."

The young life taker puts in eight hours a day sewing shirts and making button holes. Her fingers have grown nimble as a seamstress and she has found favor among prison officials. She is a model convict.

Just what to do with the 16-year-old ward of the State is a problem which prison and State authorities have not solved. Undoubtedly, they agree, it will be a miscarriage of justice to compel her to stay in prison all her life. When she killed, she did it in ignorance and under severe provocation.

So what is to become of Jessie Cooper will be a matter for future administrations of Oklahoma to settle.

Peru, the Bible's "Land of Ophir"?

Mystery of the Ancient Galley Carved on a Rock Up the Amazon and Why It May Prove That Solomon Got His Gold There



A Remarkably Modern Type of Face on a Jug Dug Up From a Chimu Grave, but It is About 7,000 Years Old Nevertheless.

LONDON, June 16. SCIENCE and Biblical students have long been puzzled as to the location of the "land of Ophir," frequently mentioned in the Scriptures as a source of the finest gold. Writing under the pen-name of "Appian Way," one of England's foremost archaeologists tells in the following article why he has come to the conclusion that "Ophir" was not in the Old World at all, but actually in Peru, South America, a colony of ancient Phoenicians who were mysteriously annihilated centuries before the Incas and the Spanish conquest.

By Appian Way.

NEARLY a thousand miles inland from the mouth of the huge Amazon River of South America is a rock on the side of Pedro. Upon that rock is sculptured an ancient galley. It is of earliest type and it indicates the work of mariners in the inland waters. The tale is in the Rio Negro, one of the tributaries of the Amazon. Who sailed galley up the waters of the Rio Negro and the Amazon in a prehistoric era? What were they doing? Where were they going?

Likewise the upper reaches of the Amazon in Peru were formerly called the Rio Suleman, the River of Solomon.

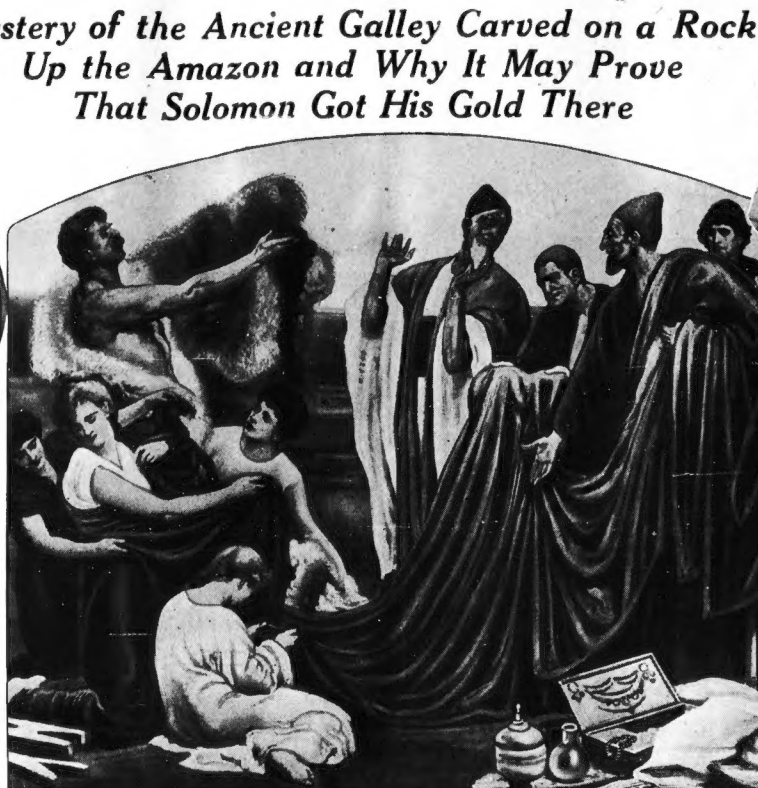
How came it to that name? Maybe the Amazon was a waterway used by early treasure seekers in Peru, the El Dorado of the Spaniards, the land traditionally paved with gold. Geologists declare that formerly the Amazon River provided a direct waterway from Peru to the Atlantic.

The Bible tells us that King Solomon sent treasure ships to the land of Ophir for gold and silver, ivory, and other things, and that the ships were away for three years at a time, the ships being manned mainly by Phoenicians. The greatest maritime people of those days, Ophir was regarded prominently as the land of gold and the land of ivory. To compare the gold of Ophir with the stones of brooks, Solomon's temple was adorned with great plates of beaten gold, called "gold of Parvaim," and two hundred great shields of this gold were cast and hung up. In one of these shields, Solomon obtained from Ophir 666 talents of gold, which at the present valuation would be worth over twenty million dollars.

Where lay this land of Ophir? Many have guessed that it was Ceylon, but it is not a country of gold, and besides, gold from the East could have been brought by caravan, and certainly did not need a voyage of three years. Gold may even have been brought from Rhodesia, for there are signs of early workings, but that was not a three years' voyage, nor is there anything to connect it with "Ophir" or "Parvaim."

Moreover, the Bible says there came ships bringing gold and silver, "kophim," (translated as "rapes"), and "tukkiym." The last-named were probably parrots, for they are translated as "parrots" or "peacocks." Here is a clue.

This intriguing word "tukkiym" is in the plural, the singular being "tukkey," identical almost with that good American bird, the Turkey. There is not the slightest warranty for the translation of the word as either parrot or peacock, nor can anyone conceive any traffic worth the mention of such birds. The turkey is another matter, and it is perfectly con-



The Late Lord Leighton's Painting of Phoenician Merchants Trading With Prehistoric Britons on the Shores of England. The Phoenicians Were the Most Venturesome of All the Ancient Navigators, and There Is Nothing Improbable About the Statement That They Sailed Up the Amazon.



A Laughing Face on a Chimu Vase That Has All the Semitic Features of the Phoenicians.

A Clay Shrine Found Among the Chimu Ruins That Is Precisely Like Clay Shrines of the Goddess Ishtar Dug Up at Tyre and Carthage.

tributable that the wise Solomon enjoyed at table the king of table birds, the native American turkey.

It was the name given to it by the natives in Yucatan, Honduras and Guatemala, who called it the "tukki." If long ago ships were sailing with treasure from Peru across the Pacific, or from the Amazon towards the Old World in the East, hugging the coast as far as possible, it would be both simple and natural to bring the King some of these succulent birds. If Tukkiym means turkeys, then Solomon's treasure ships must have sailed to America.

Many Spanish clerics from the time of the Conquest believed Peru to be the true land of Ophir. Montezuma, one of the leading historians of Spanish America, was of this opinion, as also was Montezuma, the great Jewish grammarian. The words Ophir and Peru, expressed in early Hebrew characters, are almost identical, and the word Parvaim or Persaim is the word Peru in the plural.

Scarcely have questioned the origin of the name Peru on the authority of Sir Walter Raleigh, according to whom, when the Spanish landed first they asked the name of the country, and the natives not understanding replied "peru," meaning, "What do you say?" from which circumstance the Spaniards called the country Peru. I am sorry to destroy any legend but the cold truth is that before he advanced to Peru the conqueror Pizarro employed two natives, taught them the Spanish lan-

guage, and he knew as well as they did the name of the country.

When the Spaniards reached Peru, they found a complete civilization existing under the Incas, but it was not they who had built the wonderful stone polygonal temples at Cuzco and elsewhere, who had erected storied palaces literally packed with gold, who had built stone high ways leading over the mountains where they mined gold, silver, emeralds, amethysts, onyx and other precious stones.

In Cuzco and Pachacamac the Spaniards gazed greedily on plates of solid gold adorning the walls as in Solomon's temple, but the Inca Atahualpa placed very little value on the gold. If that were all the white men wanted, he said, they could have all the gold in his dominions if they would clear out, and he collected it for them.

Gold was of no intrinsic value to the Peruvians and it is very doubtful if they regarded it as anything sacred. It was simply an ornament, the metal of the sun, for it had been the earliest race of giants, builders of the stone palaces, pyramids, flagged causeways, aqueducts and sluices, the race which feverishly collected the gold and silver, and the precious stones, who had left these relics behind them.

They were remembered in their records as a race of giants, eventually destroyed by fire from heaven. The Amataus—the priests in charge of the national archives—retained memories of these giants, and called them the Chimu. The Chimu came from a distant country far across the seas and in the first place were driven by a storm to their shores, settled there, and enslaved the natives. Garcilaso de la Vega, the historian of the Conquest, said they were giants, so tall that the natives reached only to their knees. They had "long di-veined hair reaching to their shoulders,"

and eyes "as big as saucers." Some of the first arrivals among these shipwrecked mariners were naked, and others were clothed in the skins of wild beasts. Were they white men?

Cieza de Leon, the Spanish-American historian, declared they were. The Guananga Indians said that the Cyclopean buildings at Cuzco and elsewhere and the strange stone portico at Tabuanaico showing birds with men's heads were the work of these men who were white men. The Amataus proclaimed them to be "sons of the sun," created "in the heart of the seas" by the Pachacamac, whose temple near Lima stood on a great artificial mound and was adorned with priceless golden plates and other treasures. This description recalls the saying of Ezekiel respecting Tyre, situated in the "heart of the seas."

Their energy, courage and knowledge were said to be superb, but they were also accused of greed and gluttony, and to be addicted to the same forms of moral depravity and vice as was attributed to the giants who lived in Gomorrah and Sodom. The examination of the embossed remains of many of these giants indicates that they had aburned red hair of fine texture.

Having conquered the natives, and finding the country full of gold, silver and precious stones, these Chimu settled down to exploit its wealth. Others joined them and they ruled the country until an earthquake or some pestilence destroyed them, and subsequently Ophir vanished from the pages of sacred history. The Inca regime preserved their works and regarded the golden temples with awe until the Spaniards arrived and stripped them bare.

It may well be, seeing that this race brought so high a civilization with them,

so great a knowledge of agriculture, engineering, building, mining and spinning, that these great stone buildings which various temples were not temples in the proper acceptance of the term, but were the equivalent of banks for the deposit of bullion.

Their city and port, Gran Chimu, was once a place containing streets, parks, aqueducts, palaces and pyramids, the ruins of which yet survive, owing to the dryness of the climate. This city, said to have embraced an area of some twelve to fifteen miles, was a prehistoric manufacturing city.

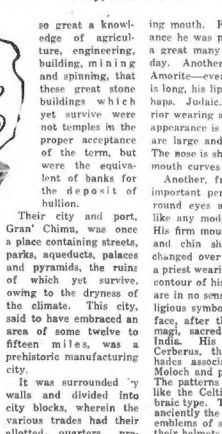
It was surrounded "by walls and divided into city blocks, wherein the various trades had their allotted quarters, pre-eminent among which were the goldsmiths and metallurgists. Squier, the modern authority on this people, discovered the remains of ancient furnaces of the smelters with fragments of slag clinging to them, and on analysis contained silver and copper ores.

It was, indeed, a city of goldsmiths and jewelers. They could fabricate in gold and silver thread most exquisite designs, such as feathers on birds, scales on fish and leaves quivering on golden trees. Their gold and silver work astonished the Spaniards, delicate flagstone work and gold thread being their specialties. Describing the Chimu as the greatest of archaeological enigmas, a recent traveler in Peru, Mr. Reginald Enoch, says that the weaving with gold threads is suggestive of early Syrian or Arabic work passed from Babylon to other cities.

Not only was Gran Chimu the center of this vast gold industry, but it furnished emeralds, amethysts, onyx and other precious stones, all of which were worn by the high priest of Judah in his breast-plate.

These people were cut off by some catastrophe and became extinct, leaving behind the wealth claimed by the Spaniards long ages after. The method of treating the ores and storing the gold indicate the action of a prehistoric com-

Clay Figure of a Chimu God Which Is Almost Exactly Similar to the Ancient Phoenician Deity, Baal-Moloch.



Another Ancient Chimu Jug, Showing a Soldier in a Leather Casquet and a Face Not at All Indian.

mercial race, whose object it was to gather and refine the gold and silver, after which it was exported. Sons of the Sea!

What these people looked like is happily revealed to us by their remarkable pottery and a custom of theirs to model or cast in clay the features of their great men. They also had the queer custom of burying portrait vases with their dead, in many cases showing what diseases it was that carried them off.

Another, from his head-dress, was an Indian. His eyes are obviously life-like portraits and depict with fidelity the cheek muscles, wrinkles on the skin, and even the flexibility of the nostrils. Glance at a few of them.

One is of a round-faced man, eyes well apart, short turned-up nose and a long drooping mouth. From his attire and appearance he was probably a priest and is like a great many Irish and Scotch types today. Another might be a merry type of Amorite—even a Phoenician. His mouth is long, his lips are thin and his nose perhaps, Jewish. Another is a type of warrior wearing a casquet of leather, and his appearance is essentially Nordic. His eyes are large and round and set well apart. The nose is short, firm and aquiline. The mouth curves down and the chin is firm.

Another, from his head-dress, was an important person. Put life into his round eyes and this ancient man looks like any modern American or European. His firm mouth, thin lips, mobile nostrils and chin show a few little types have changed over the centuries. And here is a priest wearing the insignia of office. The contour of his face, eyes, nose and mouth are in no sense Indian or Mongolian. Religious symbols are painted in red on his face, after the custom of the Chaldean magi, sacred marks still customary in India. His head-dress may represent a turban, the two-headed guardian of hedges associated with the worship of Moloch and practiced by the Phoenicians. The patterns on his cloak and sleeves are like the Celtic. Another is a more Hebrew type. The classic writers tell us that anciently the Carians and Philistines wore emblems of savage and wild beasts upon their helmets.

Their clothes indicate linen cloaks with sleeves, decorated with Celtic patterns. Two of the figures are dressed in red and blue, the use of the Irish kilt and stockings was not unknown to the most ancient of the people, all of all we find a representation of their god, and he is no other than the Phoenician Baal-Moloch, whom the Carians called Menev. Apart from the horns there is the Tau emblem on his head (like a big T), that ancient symbol of destruction. The dragons round his throat and shoulders on his garment identify him undoubtedly with the god, also called Saturn, and the plaques on either side of his face symbolize the heavenly bodies.

These matters identify the Chimu with the people sent by Solomon to gather gold at Ophir. The association of Ophir with the name of Peru, the early settlement in that country of an overseas race of treasure-seekers, the advanced efforts to salt the sea, and the collection of the gold in storehouses, as the Bible tells us Solomon built for the storage of the cargoes, these mysterious birds called "tukkiym," which resembles the Phoenicians, and hence the galley on the Amazon was carved there by Phoenician hands.

Shattered Romance of Her 3-Foot Hat

Snickers and Sneers at Mlle. Liane de Pougy's Spectacular Chapeau Brought Prince Ghika to the Famous Beauty's Rescue, Won Her a Titled Husband Who Has Divorced Her

PARIS, June 17. THE Prince Ghika, of royal Rumanian blood, could forgive his beautiful wife many things—he could forget that she had been in her day the public darling of Paris town, that she was twenty years his senior; but he hated to be beaten black and blue before lunch. So the only one of the romances of the famous Liane de Pougy which ever led to an altar came this week to an end in a Paris divorce court.

Every one had supposed that the famous couple (she once the queen of the Paris theatrical world, he the young claimant of a Balkan throne) were ideally happy in their Brittany castle, or among their slaves in their villa in Algiers in which they were supposed to be dividing their time between love and intrigue for a throne. Only their near neighbors of the district of Roussell on the rock-bound Brittany coast were without surprise when the news was spread that a divorce had been pronounced and that the young prince had fled to Italy with a younger woman.

They had often heard the sounds of blows and the shrieks for mercy in an agonized tenor voice which issued from the Ghika castle, and it was no secret in the countryside that, almost daily, the fair chateaine of the castle found it expedient to lift her white but muscular hand against its lord and master and to rebuke him corporally for some real or fancied wrong.

The castle servants talked of nothing else. "The poor boy!" they gossiped. "He tries to keep out of her way in the daytime, but he has no luck. She will come upon him in the breakfast room or the garden or the hall—anywhere—and then it is always the same story—

"Ah, so it is you, little spendthrift! Take that! And that! Pan! Pan! Pan!"

The lady, once an expert dancer and not at all weakened or stiffened by her fifty years would fall on her slender young husband with hands and feet, if nothing handier offered, and smash and mangle him until he cried for mercy.

After a year of this the Prince began to think that his wife didn't love him—in which he was wrong. Singular as it may seem, in spite of their cat and dog life, in spite of the divorce, in spite of everything, Liane loved her Prince consort with a fierce and twisted passion. And now that the divorce has definitely separated them she is wretched and inconsolable.

She is busy writing a book of memories, in which she will eloquently describe her romance with the Prince. She does not conceal the fact that she hopes that it will fall into his hands, and that, as he reads, he will remember the first kisses rather than the last kick in the shin, and seek a reconciliation.

The romance and marriage were just as bizarre as the estrangement and divorce.

At the time that the famous Liane met the Prince for the first time she was intimately allied with the poet Jean Lorrain. Prince George did not really hope to supplant the witty and dilapidated poet in the fancy of the woman who at the time was the reigning beauty of Paris. But he lost no chance to bring himself to the fair one's attention.

One day Liane undertook an expedition to St. Germain des Lays with a party of friends. St. Germain boasts a beautiful two-mile-long esplanade, built by the Duke of Nemours, along a bluff commanding a view of the valley of the Seine and of all Paris lying in a pocket of earth on the other side of the valley. At one end of the esplanade is the famous pavilion Henri IV, turned into a restaurant, which is a rendezvous for fashionable Paris folk.

The real object of Liane's expedition was to "launch" a new and amazing hat which had been created by her modiste. In this period of frivolity a woman's greatest triumph was to attract fashionable attention in a style parade at St. Germain or the Bois de Boulogne, and on that day Liane was out to put in the shade her rival in public favor—Caroline Otero, Emilienne d'Alençon, Polaire, Marcelle Lender and all the rest of the crowd of famous 1900 beauties.

The hat was a terrific conception in the taste of the period. Poker backed, stiff

The Princess Ghika (Liane de Pougy) and Her Husband, in the Courtyard of Their Villa at Algiers, in Native Costume, Where They Lived in the Old Arabian Part of the City in Complete Oriental Atmosphere, Even to the Little Arab Slaves.



Mlle. Liane de Pougy at the Time of Her Capricious Marriage.

necked, suffering but happy, Liane started down the esplanade, with gigantic feathers of a pheasant's enormous tail fluttering high above her head, her escort falling back a respectful six paces that none might be denied a view of the walking-hothouse. Regulating his pace to hers, Prince George, an uninvited attendant, walked underneath the concealing trees which border the esplanade and surreptitiously fanned his eyes on the object of his admiration.

Everyone paused to admire the hat and the lady under it, and Liane was beginning to feel that the day was a perfect one, when, midway down the esplanade, she encountered a group of sober Paris citizens consisting of a man and two women.

There was no doubt about it! The two busies were titillating. Liane tried to keep her nose arrogantly in the air, but the mirth of the trio would not be ignored. As Liane passed the trio they could contain themselves no longer, but burst into a roar of laughter and one made a sneering comment. The ladies held their

De Pougy With Tiara and Jewelled Dog Collar and Pearls When She Was "Queen of Paris."

sides. The gentleman was bent double by a paroxysm of mirth.

New Liane, as the rough course of her marriage was subsequently to prove, is no frail and frightened maiden incapable of a protest when her feelings are hurt. The distance separating her from the lemons who were jostling her previous but was just an inch or two short of the length of her right arm plus the parasol which she carried. The mirth-tortured gentleman saw stars. His bowler had been crushed by a well-aimed blow from Liane's parasol and a bump was rising under his hair.

The trio's laughter turned to shrieks. The two women lifted up their heavy, dragging skirts and went for Liane, who fell back a pace and assumed a fencer's attitude of offensive defense. Here was Prince George's long-awaited opportunity to perform a feat of signal daring before his lady's eyes. In three bounds he was in the midst of the fight. One blow of his fist finished off Liane's male antagonist. In another minute he was wiggling in the embrace of two scratching, biting, shrieking harpies.

The interesting battle (it seemed Prince George's destiny to engage in fist-cuffs with women—and be beaten!) was stopped by the park police, who marched all five of the combatants off to the nearest post. The gentleman in the crushed bowler identified himself as M. Edouard Martet, his companion as his wife and sister-in-law. Prince George stopped forward boldly.

"And the lady who has been grossly insulted and attacked by these hours is Mlle. Liane de Pougy, my fiancée, whom I am here to protect."

He passed his card, the name and crest on which were not without their effect on the police commissioner. "Nevertheless," the commissioner said, apologetically and obsequiously, to his royal prisoner, "I am afraid that you and your lady will have to appear to-morrow before the magistrate. I will explain, however, that you were victims of a gross

and wanton assault." He glanced at the common folk who had stared amply at the lady and gentleman of quality and was present to testify in Liane's behalf the following morning.

Liane's hat was exhibit A in the dossier, and the court judge, after measuring it with all angles and comparing it with other hats provided by fashionable modistes, declared that the Martet family had an unreasonable sense of humor and were in the wrong. They were dismissed with a slight fine and the judge turned to Prince George and Liane.

"You may go," he addressed the former, "with your charming fiancée." Liane bowed to the latter. The next day every newspaper in Paris published the engagement of the couple.

The Prince's overwhelming rushing tactics had succeeded. Liane allowed his bold announcement to go unopposed, and a month later the middle-aged countess and her adolescent fiancé were married before the altar of St. Germain.

Though they would her luck and threw the proverbial old shoe, none of Liane's friends believe that the hasty marriage, born of a whim and a public accident, would last long.

Liane was the most extravagant creature of the period—extravagant in expenditure, extravagant in her impulses and fancies. Her romance with the poet Lorrain had been a mad affair from start to finish, and it was expected that her marriage would be a similar swift and violent affair—over before either party to it could catch a bad breath.

One incident of her romance with Lorrain was typical. She told it on herself: "Jean and I worried about my cold feet. I've always had cold feet—like two lumps of ice at the end of my legs. It's a matter of blood circulation, I suppose. Anyway, one night Jean said to me: 'We can't stand this any more. I'm going to do something about it.' The madcap poet disappeared for two whole

days. Finally, on the second evening, he returned.

"I have friends waiting outside," he told me.

"Bring them in."

"He heard two bearded brutes into my boudoir, who tunneled their big hats but didn't say a word. I recognized their get-up. They were two roustabouts from the market-place—those fellows who toss crates of food about as if they were feathers."

"Now you lie down on the bed, Liane," Jean told me, and I did as he bade. Then, still without a word, the two fellows pulled off their shirts, exposing the burliest chests I have ever seen. They were regular human buffaloes! And they disposed themselves at the bottom of the bed in such a way that I could place my feet one against each of their chests. Ah, it was warm and good, I tell you. I slept like a baby.

"My feet were warm for the first time in months. Jean stayed to watch over me all night. But there was no need. The two roustabouts were perfectly trained in their roles. He must have given them all the money he had. When I awoke, I tickled them awake with my warm toes and they got up, put on their shirts and went out, still without a word."

A dozen similar stories were told about the extravagant beauty, and none of them were a good press for the duration of her mad marriage with Prince George Ghika.

However, those who predicted its speedy dissolution counted without one thing—Liane's ambition.

Prince George was the son of Prince Albert Ghika of Rumania, descendant of a family which had once ruled over a section of the Balkans. All his life long, living in Paris an exile, Prince Albert had stoutly maintained a pretension to the Albanian throne. Even when there was no Albania he advanced his claim, arguing that his royal rights should be recognized,



The Poet, Jean Lorrain, Who Was Discarded by Mlle. de Pougy for Prince Ghika.

a kingdom carved out of the surrounding Balkan nations and the reins of its direction turned over to him.

The Albanians failed to work up any great excitement over Albert's claim. Indeed, now that there is an Albania, the Ghikas seem to be no nearer a throne than they were then. It is common knowledge that the throne of Albania has been offered to a dozen lukewarm candidates—including the American, Leeds, of tin-plate fame—but it has not yet been offered in the hour of Albert's pretensions. Perhaps this was the cause of the dismission in the castle of Jossioff. Perhaps Liane, driven by a desire to sit on a throne and by a queer, in fact, as she had been a lawless "queen of Paris," was trying to drive her Prince toward a kingdom when she took to whipping him.

For some months before the divorce was finally annulled for she and the Prince were separated. She knew what was coming and sought to every means to avert it. She engaged her old friends, Gaston Strauss, the lawyer, and his lawyer wife, Helen Miropolska Strauss, to fight the case.

Helen Miropolska is the most famous and the most beautiful woman barrister at the Paris bar. She has skillfully managed many a domestic rebellion and has a reputation for turning a divorce case into one of reconciliation. Her husband, too, to whom she was married after a romantic wedding, has a reputation as a divorce expert. Liane staked everything on the skill of this pair.

"I'll tell him to come back. I'll never raise my hand against him again," she implicitly told her counsel.

She lived in high hopes of their success. Then one day Mlle. Miropolska Strauss came to see her without her husband.

"Gaston is not with me," she explained. "We are getting a divorce, Gaston and I."

Liane wept with discouragement. "What hope is there?" she wailed. "My own lawyers can't stay out of the divorce court. They can't arrange their own differences. How then will they be able to arrange mine?"

She became resigned to the inevitable. With limbs unperforated she accepted the divorce papers when they were served. "I shall go into a convent now," she declared. "Alas! I have heard rumors that I am supplanted. They tell me that George is in Venice with another woman. She will withdraw from the world so that she may hear no further reports of her ex-husband's philandering. Prince George was the real passion of her life. He was the only man she could ever like."



Josephine Baker, the Filipino-American Girl, Who Helped Make Mrs. Stuart's Parisian Cabaret a Success.

By Catherine Stuart
CHAPTER V.
(Concluded from Last Sunday)

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LAST week I told how I came to the end of my rope of wildness, freedom and unconventionality. I was that supposedly blessed creature, a really "emancipated woman." And I found myself in the position which every woman sooner or later reaches who tries to squeeze all there is out of life. There I was, young in body but old in heart, nothing to look forward to and nauseated at the thought of all the sweets of the world, like a child who has run loose in a candy shop.

I had loved early and often, had married three times, to say nothing of less conventional amours, and now the capacity to love seemed dead. French noblemen, the most skilled love-makers in the world, still dined and danced with me and whispered burning words, but to my dismay they left me cold.

The Paris theatrical life, which for a while thrilled me, had thrown me out with scorn because I would not be a "good fellow" and join their drug-orgies. I seemed to be a ghost with no place in either the upper or underworld. Women in my disillusioned state usually take to drugs. I was actually considering that supreme folly as I looked gloomily out of my apartment window in Paris and saw a taxi stop.

Out of it jumped a pretty woman, all legs and excitement, I recognized the legs and envied the excitement. They belonged to Mlle. Bernaine, a pretty young actress, the only friend who had stood by me when the theatrical world showed its teeth to me. A moment later she was asking what I was doing. Sadly I said that I was doing nothing and she unfolded her plan.

There was a restaurant in the Rue Pigalle in Montmartre which could be bought at a bargain. If I would buy it, she would manage it for me and we would make a "hatful of money." I still had some money and even that god, which everyone denies publicly and worships privately, did not especially interest me. Still, owning a restaurant was something I had never done. I would be a power, a boss—there might be fun in it.

I bought the place for 320,000 francs and changed the name from the "Seventh Venus" to the "Paradis d'Amour" or Paradise of Love. My little friend, though French, had been in the United States and had American "go-getter" ideas.

"We'll circus it," she said, "and get all the tourist business. We'll have an almost totally unclothed cabaret."

"There are plenty of others just as nude," I objected.

"But we will advertise that ours is the wildest and wickedest of all," she said, "and here is how we will make them believe it. Americans rush to anything that the censors forbid or the police raid."

"Yes," I admitted, "but there is no censor in Paris and the police don't care whether our girls wear anything or not."

"I know it, but we can spread the rumor," she replied, and she did it at a cost of less than \$3,000.

We bribed employees of incoming steamers and Paris hotels to warn Americans not to see our dancers because they were a disgrace to Paris, and anyway the police would surely close the place in a day or two. So of course they all came to us first.

Finally one of the Paris papers, printed in English, published a short story that we had never been raided, nor would be. With a reprint of this we circularized the American guests of the big hotels, adding a word of our own that they were perfectly safe in visiting us. That settled it. Our place became a little gold mine.

We opened around midnight and closed at breakfast time. Montmartre's wickedness is entirely at night. During the day it is as innocent as a graveyard because everyone is sound asleep. After a few months, to my surprise, we began to get the cream of the Paris customers, real celebrities, including a couple of crowned heads.

To mention some of these in order of precedence let me deal first of all with that most notorious of European monarchs—the King of Spain. I remember vividly the first night that he came to my night establishment. His arrival was heralded by a discreet telephone message from the Spanish Embassy and by two detectives from the Surete, who, in evening dress, took possession of a supper table in a position which commanded the whole of the establishment, in order to be able to watch carefully over the pleasure-loving King of the land of bull fights and dark and passionate senoritas.

The King arrived soon after midnight accompanied only by one eunuch—a granger of Spain—whose gray hair had probably assumed that color after accompanying and watching over His Majesty, the King of Spain, for some years.

As King Alfonso entered I advanced to meet him—curtsied and showed him to the table which had been reserved for him. Having seen that my head waiter had charge of his wants I hurried to the dressing-room of my cabaret girls.

"Girls," I said "you're got to do your stuff tonight as if salvation depended on it. The King of Spain is here!"

Wild excitement at once prevailed and my cabaret darlings quickly added extra powder—and it takes a lot to cover a lady who is about 99% exposed. They hit the dance floor with all the "pep" imaginable and every one of them favored King Alfonso with all the glad looks he'll ever need in a lifetime!

His Majesty liked it, but a surreptitious protest reached me from the King's eunuch when one of the girls, well provided with champagne, finished

Wealth and Romantic Adventure

Mrs. Catherine Stuart, Who Married an Indian Favorite Wife in a Turkish a Wealthy Spaniard, E Rules of Conventions



One of the Royal Elephants Belonging to Sir Hari Singh, on Which Mrs. Stuart Was Invited by His Majesty to Have a Ride.

Sir Hari Singh, Maharajah of Kashmir, Who Provided the Costumes for Mrs. Stuart's Cabaret Dancers.

her dance at the feet of the King, who, entering into the fun of the evening, raised her to her feet, and, nodding to the orchestra, took the floor with her in a one-step. And he could dance, too. I have seen three kings tickle the fantastic toe and as many and more princes, but none like King Alfonso of Spain. But then I knew that the Spaniards are the best dancers in the world. Was I not married to one at that time?

When the dance ended and the King had returned to his table he excited and sparsely clad partner rushed back to the dressing-room, the proudest girl in all Paris! How the others envied her . . . and how they showed it! Hardly had the girl changed one four-inch and spangled garment for a less "voluminous" robe than the head waiter entered the dressing-room with an enormous bouquet of flowers. From King Alfonso to the cabaret girl who had danced with him!

Before he left Paris he gave me a signed picture—which is reproduced on this page.

Another royal personage who visited my Montmartre cabaret, incognito, however, was the King of the Hedjaz, who really came, I think, just to see, as a sight-seer, Montmartre and its haunts—tales of which must have even penetrated to his kingdom. Accompanied by a certain official of the French Foreign Office he sat at a table which had been especially reserved for him, partook of a light supper and watched the dancing.

He was much interested in our cabaret show. Perhaps it was reminiscent of his own dancing girls at home. He loudly applauded the solo exhibition dance of Mlle. Olga Provna, who was then in my employ. Olga Provna has since made a name for herself both in Europe and America. In fact the King of the Hedjaz was so pleased with her dancing that he asked her to dance again after she was rested, and later persuaded her to have supper at his table! An American accused her of putting the jazz in Hedjaz.

The King of the Hedjaz, however, was not the only Eastern potentate who enjoyed the hospitality of the "Paradis d'Amour." The present Maharajah of Kashmir, then Sir Hari Singh, who figured in the big blackmail case known as the "A" case, was a constant visitor to our night establishment. I think he was among the most perfect dancers I have ever seen. On several occasions he was accompanied by the Mrs. Robinson who figured later in the extraordinary Mr. "A" case.

I made it my business to know personally a great many of the people who visited my cabaret. Accordingly, when the heir to the throne of Kashmir

visited my establishment I persuaded his eunuch to present me to him, which he did.

"Sir Hari made several suggestions to me as to the improvement of the cabaret show."

"The girls are very clever," he said to me, "but I think you ought to get them to do less acrobatic dancing. Why don't you get them to dance in the fashion of our girls in India?"

I suggested that His Highness should give me more details. He then described in detail how Eastern dancing girls go through their various peculiar and fascinating dances.

"Yes, I know you have peculiar ideas about Indian dancing girls. But the popular idea is quite wrong. They dress—not undress," the heir to the Kashmir throne continued.

"What sort of costumes would you suggest?" I asked.

"Well, it's hard to explain. But look here," replied the now Maharajah, "I'll cable for Indian costumes to be sent over for you."

I thanked His Highness for his generosity and about six weeks later I burst on Montmartre the first Indian cabaret show Paris had ever known. Few people who flocked to see it, however, guessed that Sir Hari Singh had been its director and costumer.

Sir Hari was much pleased with the dance as executed in the costumes he provided, and invited me to have a ride on his royal elephant if I should ever visit his district in India.

Rude Interruption of the Crown Prince's Love Affairs.

The royal personages I have mentioned were a bit afraid of the limelight—and mixed free, amongst the rest of the gabettes. One prince and his petite amie, however, who always insisted on occupying a secluded table was Prince Carol of Rumania and his morganatic wife, Mme. Zizi Lambrino, who has recently been fighting for her son's legitimacy in the Paris courts.

Only twice did these two lovers ever come to "Paradis d'Amour" and on each occasion, although they tried to keep their presence unknown, they were unceremoniously plunged into the limelight.

On the first occasion they were interrupted in the midst of an affectionate tete-a-tete by an exuberant reveler who suddenly pushed his head through the ferns which sheltered their alcove and turned a siphon of soda on the two lovers without realizing their identity, and, by proclaiming to the world what had happened, brought an invasion of pleasure-seekers into their secluded alcove. I at once rushed to the rescue of Prince Carol and his morganatic wife, and managed to eject the crowd which was dancing round and round their supper table with hands joined—singing a questionable love-song!

On the second occasion, however, I had placed the pair in what I had thought to be an impregnable position, their privacy was rudely shaken in an even more drastic manner.

An inebriated old satyr, sitting at a table alone, directly along the dance floor and next to the barrier of palms which I had had placed to screen Prince Carol and his wife's table, suddenly espied a very beautiful and dainty leg through the ferns—a leg accidentally exposed above the knee and exhibiting, besides silken hosiery—a bejeweled garter of intricate workmanship.

During the cabaret show the lights were dimmed and that old fool, who could not see very well, or at least that is what he said, reached in a hand to find out if he had seen what he thought he had seen. The result was a piercing shriek from Zizi's morganatic lungs. I put the old roue out of the place and tried to placate my important guests but they never came again.

I think my night establishment in Montmartre was the only cabaret that Sir Basil Zaharoff, the "mystery man of Europe" and one of its richest men, ever visited. Sir Basil, of course, was then virtually "Uncrowned King of Monte Carlo," since he held the controlling interest in the Societe des Bains de Mer, the company which owns the casino. He also held the bulk of the shares in the Hotel de Paris and half a dozen other of Monte Carlo's hotels.

He marked his visit by one eccentricity and that was that he complimented the cabaret girls by giving orders that a bottle of champagne should be served to each of them in their dressing-room. He did this as he was leaving, and they were then unable to thank him.

Several times a week Josephine Baker, the premiere danseuse at the "Folies Bergere," and the American who first introduced the Charleston to Paris, would bring a party and would give an expert exhibition of the Charleston in the centre of an admiring circle.

Josephine is a Filipino by birth, but of course an American citizen. She is not exactly beautiful but is intensely fascinating to know, and can always be

Adventures Brought Her Only Misery

Alian Prince, Then Became the h Harem and Next Married Explains Why Defiance of al Society Brings Disaster

relied upon to do the unexpected. For instance, one night she jumped into the middle of the supper table at which she was sitting and with a glass of champagne in each hand danced the reckless measures of the Charleston—without spilling a drop!

I once visited her luxurious flat near the Champs Elysees and was amazed at its almost sybaritic splendor. The salon was a riot of satin cushions, and reclining on a big divan was Josephine Baker's pet baby lioness. Another surprise which was in store for me was her swimming bath, which has a queer mirage effect made by hidden electric lights, which give one the impression that the bath is full of bathing girls. It was most artistic and cost over two hundred thousand francs, I believe. Every time Josephine entered "Paradis d'Amour" the orchestra immediately commenced to play the Charleston, and cries of "Here comes the Charleston Baby!" would be set up. Smiling broadly, "Mademoiselle Banana," as she is often called because that is all her costume consists of at the Folies Bergere, would immediately Charleston down the middle of the floor. They were gay nights, those!

Among many other celebrities who visited my cabaret was Georges Carpentier, the famous pugilist—that idol of French women. He often used to bring a party, on one occasion brought Joe Beckett, the English ex-champion was in Paris, to spend the evening at my establishment. To look at them together you would never think that they had been professional rivals. Beckett on this occasion created rather a furore by picking up his partner during one dance, and lifting her high in the air, sitting her on a ledge which ran around the dance floor.

"What did you do that for?" she pouted, quivering and kicking her legs to balance herself on her uncertain perch.

"You seemed to want all the men to look at you," answered the ex-champion grimly. "I thought I would give them a good look."

Men, seeing this beauty in distress, rushed gallantly forward to rescue her but when they saw their broad shoulders and bleak, fighting face of Beckett, they changed their minds. Finally she jumped and Beckett caught her as easily as if she were a cushion. I was scandalized when I heard of it because the lady who had been handled so roughly was the Princess Bibesco.

Gay Butterflies Who Seek Oblivion in Death.

I was shocked at the recent tragic death of beautiful Regine Flory, whom I have numbered among my friends for years. I first met Regine when she was playing quite a small part at the Theatre Femina. It was at a ball at the opera, and she was in the company of a certain well-known English sportsman whom I had met previously at Cannes.

Regine Flory was one of the first visitors to my cabaret and, until eventually the place passed out of my hands, was almost a nightly habitué. Not only did she visit me at "Paradis d'Amour" but also at my flat in the Rue Forest.

One night, however, she gave me a dreadful fright. Telephoning me about 3 o'clock in the morning she sobbed out a story of the fickleness of her latest conquest and then dramatically bade me goodbye, saying that she was at that very moment going out to throw herself into the Seine. I remonstrated with her and told her not to be so silly, but she refused to listen to me and hung up her receiver.

Fearful that she might really carry out her threat I immediately jumped into a taxi and drove round to her apartment. In answer to my loud knockings the concierge admitted me to the building and running up to Regine's flat I rang the bell. No answer. Had she already left to carry out her threat, I wondered. Again I pressed the bell. Eventually her door opened and she came to my rescue. My hurried query told me that Mademoiselle Flory was in bed fast asleep.

Determined to remonstrate with her I went into her room and shaking her by the shoulder, aroused her.

"Hullo, ma cherie," she said sleepily. "What is the matter?"

"Matter!" I cried. "Why you gave me a fright telling me you were going to throw yourself in the Seine."

"Sorry," yawned Regine. "I thought better of it—men aren't worth it."



Autographed Photograph
Given by King Alfonso
to Mrs. Stuart.

They say that people who threaten suicide never do it, but she did, finally.

Queer people in queer states of mind visited my place. Some of their doings were amusing, some tragic. A man observing a pretty girl thoughtfully drinking champagne all by herself, stepped over and asked her for a dance.

She accepted in a matter-of-fact manner, but to his astonishment, calmly slipped out of her dress and started to dance in what little there was underneath. After I had led her away, draped in a table cloth, she sort of woke up and explained that she was a cocaine addict and imagined herself at a beach in her bathing suit, and had slipped off her dress under the impression that it was a bathing wrap.

Little mistakes like that are harmless but one day some American took a dislike to a party of Moroccans and got into a fight. When I had them all put out on the sidewalk, the Americans took it good-naturedly, but one of the Africans slipped back later, stated that he was insulted and relieved his feelings by emptying a revolver over the heads of my guests. Shooting always gives the customers a good excuse to rush out without paying their checks. That incident cost me over a thousand dollars.

One evening, when the restaurant was crowded and everyone seemed happy, I saw a girl pull a revolver from her handbag and blow out her brains. As I hurried to the spot my eye took in one of those incongruous details that so often go with tragedy. The thing had happened right in front of the orchestra, but in spite of their white faces and bulging eyes, the musicians kept right on playing gay dance music. Such were their orders, in order to prevent panics—not to stop for fire, murder or earthquake.

The suicide was an English art student who had found her lover sitting with a rival. This was what free love and self-expression had brought her.

Another evening I noted with satisfaction that M. Dorville, the famous French actor, was honoring us with his presence. If he liked us and came often he would bring a large following, but, alas, he did not. He had no more than ordered when a beautiful Spanish woman at the very next table lifted her skirt,



Prince
Carol,
Crown
Prince
of
Rumania,
and His
Morganatic
Wife,
Zizi
Lambrino.



Sheltered from the dancers on the ballroom floor by a hedge of ferns and palms, Prince Carol of Rumania and his peasant-girl wife, Zizi, felt secure in their alcove, and engaged in an affectionate tete-a-tete. But suddenly an exuberant reveller pushed his head through the ferns and turned a siphon of soda on the two lovers, without realizing their identity.

drew a stiletto from the top of her stocking and plunged it into her heart. I never learned why she did it, but when I saw Dorville's white shirt spattered with her life-blood, I knew that I would never see him again.

These incidents somewhat dampened both the pleasure and the profits of my business career. But such things go with the wild life, even in business, if it is a wild business. All this time I was wondering what to do about Don Ramon Gonzalez, my third husband, whom, like the others, I had found it necessary to desert. He had sold his great yacht and returned to Brazil, where I had no doubt he was by this time unfaithful to me. But to get the evidence in that far-away land, through an international detective agency would cost much time and money.

Women hate to pay for things, not that they are mean but because they know instinctively that with a little luck they may get most anything for nothing and so it was in my case. A high official of the Brazilian Government, visiting Paris, took pains to meet me, probably out of curiosity to see the wife of one of his richest friends. Under the influence of champagne and a few sex-blandishments, he told me all I needed to know.

It seems that my husband had taken a fancy to one of the most notorious love-pirates of the former season at the Riviera. He had established her in a \$100,000 a year love-nest at Rio Janeiro. On the strength of this I sued for divorce and though he proved that I had deserted him on our honeymoon, I was awarded \$20,000 a year alimony.

About this time I sold my restaurant at a huge profit and moved to my native England. The moment I reached London I was in that old despair again. It settled down on me like a London fog. It was the realization that I was a rich woman, still

young but one who had tried all there was in life and saw nothing left worth bothering with. That is the curse of the free life which women think they want to experience. You use up in a few years the thrills that should keep you expectant and eager till old age. The worst thing of all, as I said before, was that I had convinced myself by many experiences that I had burned up my capacity to ever love again. And just at that darkest moment fate offered me one last chance.

I was dining, outwardly gay and inwardly wretched, at the Savoy, with a certain peer whose reputation as a lady-killer is notorious. For lack of anything better to do, I played at love with him, thinking all the time of the hollow mockery of our glances and sentimental remarks.

An agreeable male voice intruded on our shallow talk and I saw that a good looking young man was telling my companion that he had not seen him in a long time. The peer looked annoyed but introduced the stranger as "Mr. Stuart, an old friend of mine."

As the "old friend" bowed over my hand, I became dumb, looked down and acted like a little

13

Three long 'rays for Mother!

Enthusiastic approval for rootbeer made of Hires Household Extract

"**T**HREE long 'rays for Mother!" shouted Mary Richardson.

"Ray... 'ray... 'ray."

"You said it—that time," came from long-legged John Allen. With happy mumblings from Nancy, Jack and all the rest.

Twelve boys and girls were dancing around on little, hopping feet.

"Ray... 'ray... 'ray."

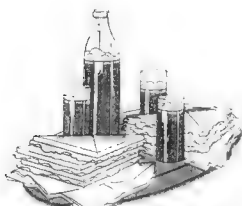
"When it comes to drinks... rootbeer's the best. And when it comes to rootbeer... ask Mother!"

Mary Richardson's party was certainly in full swing. The refreshments were lettuce



sandwiches and long, cool drinks of rootbeer. It was the warmest, sultriest evening the summer had yet seen. But what a happy crowd!

Mrs. Richardson, motherlike, was going over it all in her mind. "Twenty-four cool, sparkling glasses of rootbeer. I made them myself. Less than a cent a glass. And twelve delighted children. Oh, what a perfect party drink!"



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Don't delay in giving your family the pleasures of this thirst-quenching, soul-satisfying beverage. Get a package of Hires Household Extract at your dealer's today. Full directions in every package. The Charles E. Hires Company, 208 South 24th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Shall we send you a bottle of Hires Household Extract?

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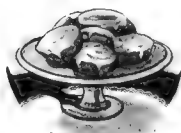
Here is a new and rapidly growing use for Hires Household Extract. Women everywhere are writing to tell us how good this famous extract is for flavoring puddings, cake icings, gelatines and other desserts.

We would appreciate hearing how you like it used this way. We would be glad also to have you send us your favorite recipe.



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Worldly Good Bye to Susan

(Continued from Page 14)

"I'm too big for that. Jimmy always told me to be big in that way when he used to write from France. They have wives and kids as we have," he said. "Blame those who make the wars." That was like Jimmy. He always looked at both sides. She felt for Melita's hand and pressed it tightly. "We were going to be married on his next leave," she said, "but they sniped him. At last, that's what his officer said in his letter. Sometimes I get it into my head that he may not be dead, after all. Strange things happened in that war—didn't they?" Silence again for a moment. Then, "Thank God he didn't know of the misery I had to

go through. I hate hypocrisy—don't you, kiddie? Remember how they used to tell us girls to do all we could to make the hell in France a little more easy for the men to bear? What was it they said when we went to them with our trouble, the men being dead?" Gaud, kiddie, I wish I could write! I'd give 'em a book that would make them sit up and take notice. I had to go into one of their homes to have my baby and before the pain was out of my body they were trying to break my heart with their questions. They didn't call me a filthy name, but they looked it. If you know what I mean, and even the person who visited and prayed said he expected to find me there again after another year. They took it

for granted that I was black to the core. Oh, yes, life is funny—for some. "You must have loved your baby very deeply," said Melita, tenderly. Cassandra gave her a swift, keen glance. "How come?" she said, dropping into the idiom without scrupling sincerity. "Sometimes, when you look at me—" Melita began, and Cassandra smiled and nodded. "You get to fancying strange things," she said, "when you've lost a baby you loved. You seem to see it in so many faces and hear it in so many voices." "But you're not much older than I, Cassandra." "Probably a hundred years,"

said Cassandra with a sigh of resignation. "Now let's get back to yourself. You can stay here just as long as you wish. The girls can't believe you show to the place and you can keep it tidy and do the shopping. We'll talk it over this afternoon. Did you say your voice had been trained?" "My father was very proud of it," said Melita. "A father's opinion doesn't count for much. It'll be the girls and you can teach you better than any professor how to get the most out of it, or the most money I mean." "Someone in the other room yawned; another coughed. Cassandra called out: "Come on two birds and let's have a look at you. It's a topping day, I'm for a walk."

"Who's going for a walk?" yawned Lizzie. "What a ghastly idea!" "You need some exercise," said Cassandra. "I need some stockings more," said Lizzie, lying back and closing her eyes. Then, to Melita: "When you afraid being left alone last night, kiddie?" "I lay awake most of the time," said Melita, "but I wasn't afraid."

"Gaud!" Lizzie yawned. "I could sleep for a year without waking up." She coughed harshly, that hateful hacking cough that bent her double. "But there's no chance of going to bed like a Christian when you're in this frame." She began to laugh at a recollection and looked across at Cassandra. "You should have seen old Yonkers tryin' to put the romantic slip across, last night," she said. "I wanted to get near your table, but just couldn't. He called me . . . Oh, hell, it was too deep. He called me his little sprig of almond blossom. Now, I ask you, do I look like it?"

Again that fit of coughing. The other girls laughed at the reference of the elderly man to his little sprig of almond blossom. Lizzie tipped up her face as she looked at Lizzie. Already she was beginning to hate this cabaret which had never seen. Cassandra was sincere in her desire for a walk, but the other two just as insistent that they should be left alone in the flat so that they might take things easy until night.

But if you'll do something for me, I'd be grateful said Lizzie. "Get on the phone to Yonkers and tell him to give you the glad word at Selbark's. Then call in and get me some rage. He told me I look like it, the clumsy old fool."

"Agnes can do the phoning," said Cassandra. "I'll let Melita along and do the shopping. You know how I love Yonkers—don't you?" Agnes had shuffled from the couch to the piano and was strumming lazily. This reaction to Cassandra's hint by Melita that she could sing. She had some tattered songs from a drawer and selected one—an old ballad. "Play for the kiddie, and what to Agnes, while I put on my frock and powder my nose." She went into the bedroom.

Lizzie closed her eyes after drawing up her feet and lying full length on the couch. Without protestation, such as they might have expected, Melita went to the piano and looked over Agnes's shoulder. "Let it go, kiddie," said Agnes, carolingly. "They can't hear you downstairs."

Melita began to sing in a beautiful contralto voice, the true temperament of the artist she shut out from her mind all that was worldly. She sang as though it were a heaven sent melody to sing, and when she reached the end of the first verse she stopped because—because of the strange silence about her—silence that was broken only by the pathetic sob that came from the direction of the couch. Someone came softly behind her: it was Cassandra who had come from the bedroom in a state of undress.

"Kiddie, kiddie," she whispered, "sing it again. Oh, God, sing it again." Agnes, play—play." And Agnes played and Melita sang and Cassandra knelt by the side of the couch and held Lizzie's hand, her own eyes staring at the frail figure that was weeping to her ecstasy near the piano.

Melita, having finished the song, turned and modestly dropped her eyes. No one spoke for a long while, then Cassandra, her lips twitching, rose and walked to the bedroom. "I shan't be long," she said and closed the door. Agnes nodded at Lizzie, and Lizzie nodded back. And when Cassandra came again to them she dropped a scribbled note into Lizzie's hand. "When Cassandra and Melita were alone, the faded daffodil smiled at Agnes and said: "Agnes! I'll rave about her."

Agnes shook her head. "Like as not she'll kick against it." "Don't think so," said Lizzie, reflectively. Then, with some show of passion: "I'd kill anybody that monkeyed with her. Men are scoundrels—aren't they?" "Some of them," said Agnes, sighing. "Love you and leave you. 'Cherie, little girl, see you tomorrow. And they never come again. Just like you'd given 'em all you had and they know you hadn't any more to give."

"You've been coughing a sight, lately, Lizzie. Don't you think you ought to see a doctor?" "See hell," said Lizzie. "They can't cure me. I know I can't cure myself. All I'm afraid of is that Jacques'll kick and then out I go." "There'll be me and Cassie, anyway."

"What! Live on you two? I don't think. I tried to check it, and only added to the irritation. She smiled at the paroxysm passed. "His sprig of almond blossom." Did you ever hear such a word, Aggie? But Agnes knew that she was cherishing that little compliment and wisely held her tongue.

"She's a beautiful kid!" Lizzie's mind was swinging about like a weather vane. "What was the note Cassie gave you when she was going out?" Agnes asked. "She's going to get her some 'glaze' for her hair."

"Then Cassie was thinking like you?" "You bet. Cassie thinks as fast as money can go. We ought to touch fifteen pounds a week for the team—the four of us. I'd get Fannie to write some new stuff for 'em."

"Seems a shame to waste a voice like that on cabaret work." "She'd be happier there than in a chorus," said Lizzie, seriously. "You never know who might take a fancy to her."

"I know one who'll spread his net to catch her." "Cassie! Tulloch," said Lizzie. "It's a marked, in fact, but he didn't stay long. They tell me he's at the back of Jacques'."

"Shouldn't worry," said Agnes, stopping to pick up the slipper which had dropped from her toe where it had been dangling. "He's interested in most things—speaking of the way. That's the money can do. Buy anything."

Lizzie moistened her cracked lips with the tip of her tongue. "Aggie, dear, do you think I might have just a little one?" "I'm afraid not," said Agnes, "oughtn't to have it before night. Jacques' killing you, kid, and you know it."

"So's this," said Lizzie as she brought a glass of gin and half so pleasant a killer as a whiskey and soda. . . . Just a little one, old girl."

Agnes fetched the drink and handed it to her, frowning again as she marked the eagerness with which the faded daffodil gulped it down.

"That's better," said Lizzie, lying back and smiling. Put the bottle out of sight, old things, and don't let on to the kiddie. I'd hate to have her think rotten things about me."

And in Oxford street Cassandra and Melita were tripping along as though the whole world belonged to them. When they came to Selbark's store Cassie led the way to the lingerie and frock department. Melita followed like a well-trained daughter, wholly ignorant of what was passing through the other's mind. A department manager came from a cashier's cubicle at Cassandra's signal and the conversation that followed was not for Melita's ears.

"Did Lord Yonkers phone through?" "Ten minutes ago," said the manager urbane. "How far may I go?" asked Cassandra. "Up to fifteen pounds," was the reply, "but he was rather irritable about it."

"He should take a sleeping draught for it," said Cassandra. "I don't believe I want the things for the little girl who's with me, but don't say anything about Yonkers. She's probably going to do some cabaret work. Poach, that's the manager laughing at Melita who was staring joyously at a mannequin strutting about. "And she's as beautiful in her mind as she is in her looks. Now, let's have the best in the place and if Lord Yonkers kicks put the blame on me."

The clothes were selected with rapidly. Melita being given to understand that they were really for Cassandra; she allowed her own figure to be used by the model; she exclaimed in envy that they were fit for a princess. Cassandra ordered the things to be sent to the flat without delay. Then, taking Melita to the arm, walked her down Oxford street as far as Hyde Park. Cleverly, and without betraying what was in her mind, she suggested that Melita should try some of the modern songs; she suggested a few lessons in dancing. There was money to be made by a good entertainer, she said, and there was nothing quite so glorious as that feeling of independence when the pay envelope was handed over.

They were walking through the park and in direct view of the Row, when, of a sudden, Melita halted and caught at Cassandra's arm. They gazed at a horseman who was cantering along the tan, two other riders keeping closely behind him as though it were their duty to keep watch and guard. "That's money," said Lizzie. "Money without pleasure. He doesn't go anywhere without a couple of detectives following him."

EVER SO QUICKLY!



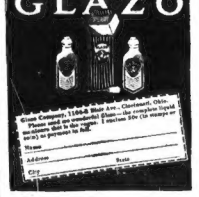
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A consensus of opinion reveals this new manicure as the ultra mode. Alluring, lustrous nails . . . Everywhere feminine nails now gleam with this manicure . . . the wonderful gift of Glazo.

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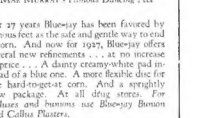


To Be Continued Next Sunday

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FREE OFFER

I want women to learn of Nupak's greater comfort through the actual trial, and I have persuaded Johnson & Johnson to let me make this offer. For a limited time they will permit me to send three full-sized Nupak pads, together with a sample of Vam Vam Vam Nupak pads to each reader of this newspaper who signs and mails the coupon at the right. Don't miss this opportunity to try the most comfortable sanitary pad ever made, absolutely free of charge. Send the coupon today.



MAE MURRAY'S FAMOUS DANCING FEET

For 27 years Blumery has been favored by famous feet as the sole and gentle way to end corns. And for 1937, Blumery offers several new refinements . . . at no increase in price. . . . A dainty cream-white pad instead of a blue one. A more flexible disc for the hard-to-get corn. And a specially new package. At all drug stores, for culture and beauty, see Blumery Blumery and Callus Plasters.

"I regard a corn as excess baggage . . . as silly as the troubles carried by the Old Man of the Sea." So writes the lovely Mae Murray of the screen. . . . It takes gumption to get rid of some labialities. But with Blue-jay at the corner drug store, there is no alibi for a corn."

THE New Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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You owe it to your nerves to try this new Comfortable Sanitary Pad

By JANE BRADFORD POTTER



Doctors say women cannot overestimate the importance of comfort in sanitary conveniences because of its direct relation to quiet nerves. Nupak is the name of a new sanitary pad that insures quiet nerves. In my opinion, it is the most comfortable sanitary pad ever made. Furthermore, it affords complete protection at all times because of its unique non-absorbent back.

Nupak is made of downy, super-soft absorbent cotton, covered with snowy-white, sterilized absorbent gauze. At the back is a layer of the softest imaginable non-absorbent cotton, which makes for utter security. Nupak is correctly shaped for maximum comfort. Because it is so very comfortable it may be worn longer without irritation; because of its superior absorbency, it lasts longer.

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Low-priced too—at your grocer's

SWEETHEART TOILET SOAP it lathers

At your Grocer's

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The Dark and the Light

(Continued from Page 12)

her brother. The dark lines of the forest showed below the escarpment, which, it seemed, marked its boundary here; and there in its blackness, hoarse whispered to her, they had left behind all tragedy, whilst ahead in this moonlit plain lay joy.

They sat down for a little while to rest; then once more moved forward. The way was, Honor found, not so easy as it had seemed. There were inequalities in the ground over which Rimington stumbled and his weight jerked her cruelly. The wind, which as they had scaled the height had come to them refreshingly cool, now as they marched in the teeth of it became bitterly cold, striking to the bone. More than once Rimington had little fits of shivering, which alarmed Honor much, though she forbore remarking upon them.

His eyes, she noticed, had a clouded look, his hand resting upon her burned like fire. There were other things also to cause her alarm. More than once through the steady rustle of the wind in the grass came the sound of a coughing rattle, which told her that there were lungs aching, and the air knew that in nine cases out of ten, in a good game country, such as this must be, they would not attack human beings, she found their propensity disturbing, and was compelled to be on the watch continually.

How long they had been marching she did not know, having lost all sense of time, but it seemed to her that hours had passed when suddenly Rimington laughed. That laugh sent a stab of anxiety through her; which was renewed by the exclamation that followed: "But you have them, Jules! Hand them over!"

She knew that the fever was assuring its sway, that this flash of delirium was an ill omen for the day that lay before her, and she was infinitely distressed. To keep on marching, in the moonlight with a man in whom fever was mounting rapidly, seemed madness, and was, as she was assured, perilous for the man himself. It would be better, she thought, to wait for morning, when possibly the fever might be abated.

She began to cast about for a likely place. About a dozen yards lifted itself under the moon. There she decided they should halt and wait for the morning.

Scarcely had she taken the decision when her lover fell into a more violent shiver than any previously, and she heard his teeth chattering. Half uttered words broke from him, and she strove to fight off the delirium that she knew was coming.

"Steady, dearest! We shall camp in a few minutes," she felt him brace himself though he did not speak, and her love found something for compassion and tenderness in the manifest effort. Her slender arm went round him in further support, and the last few yards she was almost carrying him.

When they reached the arctic, she had him sit down, and worn out as she herself was, set to work immediately to prepare some kind of bed for him. The ground she knew could be made cold before the night was over; but the grass was dry as bone; and there was near by a patch of thornless brushwood. She gathered armfuls of this, to make a mattress, covered it thickly with the dry grass; and induced him to lie down upon it. That he understood her purpose, she doubted, but he lay down like a child; and then she gathered more grass and heaped it on him, knowing that the heat of the sun would keep him warm. Then she seated herself by his side, with the intention of watching through the night, but her eyes were so weary that she fell asleep.

Almost instantly, so great was her fatigue, she fell into profound and dreamless sleep, from which she awakened hours after in the chill night, when she seemed utterly carefree. She was shivering with bitter cold as she looked round. The chill night wind was blowing steadily, rustling the grass in its passage. There was no other sound. The moon was sinking, and hung low perched as it seemed on the crest of an undulation which was clearly defined in its rays. Nothing moved anywhere; yet her heart was beating almost surely, and the sense of fear was very acute. She stretched a hand for a rifle by her side, and waited, alert and watchful. A minute or two passed, then against the moon's light she saw a shadow like the beginning of an eclipse. It was ill defined at first, and her first thought was that it was a bush brought into prominence by the changing position of the moon, but a moment later she saw the outline of a man's head and shoulders at no very great distance.

In that precise moment, the sick man by her side began to move. He lifted his head, and she saw that the man had been real; and the knowledge, with the thought that somewhere in this golden land he lurked, a murdering beast waiting for the opportunity to slay, set a shadow on her soul.

"No! Not my dear! Hush for the love of heaven!"

Either her urgency penetrated the delicious fancies; or the feverish surge passed, for the hush broke, and turning, as he had, she saw the shadowy form pass on, away from the arctic which sheltered them, fading into the night. She remained perfectly still, watching, but her heart nothing save the rush of the wind, saw nothing but the shadows darkening over the wilderness as the moon sank over the curve of the earth. It went at last in a rush, and with its going she drew a breath of relief. The comparative darkness of the plain under the stars seemed to her the friendliest thing she had ever known, and she had a conviction that the man whom she had seen was an enemy. Who was he? This man who had trailed them so implacably from Babuta, who had wounded Jules and shot Salem and had fired the grass to destroy them?

She wondered who the pursuer might be—Lagard?—with the remembrance of that mad shout of joy she had heard to give color to her belief, she still thought that Lagard might have been Rimington's bullock—or Manning? If it were the latter, and to save Alice a moment's trouble, she had better shoot—she shivered at the thought; but her eyes as they stared into the darkness visioning that tragedy, possibly were very steady.

She sat there through the remainder of the night, saw the dawn flood the land with sudden light, a far in one direction he held a line of rocky hills; and in the other the dark reaches of the forest then standing. She searched the wide undulating landscape. A mile away living things were moving, game—blue wildebeest, as she guessed—grazing in this open land. She looked forward again, and saw the column of smoke to proclaim a camp; nowhere any sign of the man whom she had seen in the night; and the grazing wildebeest were close to her, and she knew that he was not in the neighborhood.

She stared back and forth across that vast sunlit land, with waving grasses, and blossoming thorns, bathed in translucent air, and utterly peaceful, as if she had seen against the sinking moon belonged to the phantasmagoria of the night. But the man had been real; and the knowledge, with the thought that somewhere in this golden land he lurked, a murdering beast waiting for the opportunity to slay, set a shadow on her soul.

ing for the opportunity to slay, set a shadow on her soul.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Desperate March.

RIMINGTON opened his eyes, and as he did so a blade of grass tickled his nostril, causing him to sneeze. Honor turned swiftly at that, prosaic sound, to find him staring at her with eyes that had in them the light of intelligence, though there was still a feverish flush in his cheeks.

"Ah," she said joyfully. "You are awake."

"Yes," he said simply, and raising himself gently, looked round. She saw the wonder come in his eyes, then he asked abruptly: "How did we come here?"

She explained, and he listened carefully, nodding at the end. "It was feverish, of course. This wound of mine . . . and the weakness would do that." Then he asked: "Did you see anything of the man who brought us here?"

"I saw nothing," she answered. "You brought us safely out of that mess, last night, when I should have been looking after you. If you would condescend to stop to my loneliness, I . . . I . . ."

With a little laugh and with the blush running warmly in her face, Honor knelt beside him, then with his arm about her, he kissed her. A moment later he had caught a speck in the sky. He knew it was a culture, and he watched it contemptuously; then remarked:

"But for you, Honor, I should have been carried for the evening. You saved me and left that assassin behind me." "I am not so sure," she said; and told him of that shadowy form she had seen against the sinking moon. He whistled thoughtfully at that, and started forward quickly.

"Some as if we had been stalked after all—but he missed us in the end." A thought came to him, and he looked at her a little curiously. "You say you sat with the rifle in your hand. Would you really have fired for him, if the shadow had happened along?" "I should not have known he was there, then it came, leaving it set in sterner lines than he had yet seen, whilst she answered with decision:

"Yes!" "Whoever he was," she replied with a quiet decision that he found utterly convincing. He stretched a hand, and caught her hand in a warm clasp. "My dear," he said, "I hope it will not come to that for you

ake. . . . Now let us consider mundane things—breakfast."

"There is nothing," she said. "Only the water in our bottles."

He looked across the landscape now glowing in the sun, then he spoke quickly. "We must be sparing of that. We may not touch water till we reach the lake where my encampment is. And we shall find the sun hot, presently."

She looked across the grass to where the wildebeest were grazing; and then said thoughtfully, "I might get a bit of it in a very reasonable time. But if that tracker is about the mouth of a shot would advise us to proceed."

"Clearly," he answered. "And unless you are very hungry there is no need to do that. By noon, if we march steadily we shall make the lake."

"I am not hungry," she interrupted. "If you feel that you can march we will start at once."

"That will be wisdom," she replied. "Before the sun comes to its full power. The further we get whilst the day is young, the better."

They refreshed themselves with a little water from the water-carried bottles; then she assisted him to his feet, and watched him announce, who had been steady with his hand up to his eyes.

"What is it?" she asked apprehensively. "Nothing. Just a touch of dizziness which will pass when we get going."

She offered him the support of her shoulders as he had done last night. He refused it, lightly. "No, my dear. As I am a pulling child that I should do this thing I march on my own strength—with you by my side, and God give us joy and good adventure."

"Amen," she whispered softly to herself, and against her judgment let him have his way. The sun became almost intolerably bright. The day began to quiver in the growing heat. The outline of the acacias became blurred in her eyes, and the chirping of cicadas lost its cheerfulness and became almost menacing. Her face, then it came, leaving it set in sterner lines than he had yet seen, whilst she answered with decision:

"Yes!" "Whoever he was," she replied with a quiet decision that he found utterly convincing. He stretched a hand, and caught her hand in a warm clasp. "My dear," he said, "I hope it will not come to that for you

tour with his theatrical company. Now, here is the truth about the free, untrammelled, emancipated life in which a woman dares to be herself and to help herself to all the good things of this world. It is a constant and a danger, not because it is wicked but because it is stupid. Poor love is like free water for a child, it makes me sick. A woman is a bundle of appetites. None of them should be satisfied. Yet she must not let herself free to indulge any of them to the limit indefinitely or that appetite will be ruined. You can't stuff between me and still have an appetite for dinner.

Before I was married, free path, I was warned often that a woman who did that would lose her life. I was told that the body who had any reliable information about what a soul is and about what it might be to own it, this possible loss did not worry me much. When I did lose it I realized what it was and now that I have recovered I appreciate its value. I believe that our only consistent of our natural desires and appetites, which are the only things, but not interest in life, and when they are gone we are indeed empty shells as good as dead.

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tion found her one uplift. Anxiously she watched the man by her side. The hectic color was deepening in his face, there was a look in his eyes that terrified her; under the cramped forehead she saw the lines of jawbone which told her of teeth clenched in pain. They came to a patch of mimosa scrub one side of which offered shade.

"Would you like to rest, Alice?" she asked, her heart beating by his obvious suffering.

He stopped and looked at her a little dazedly, as if his mind were numbed but struggling to comprehend her words. Then the answer came jerkily. "No . . . my dear. No. I must keep going."

He lurched forward at the word, and Honor perceived he was not, despite his protesting, but she watched him and noted the signs of mounting fever. He walked shakily. His eyes had a glitter that was ominous, and presently his lips began to work as if he were muttering words without clothing them with sound. Her

heart was torn with anxiety for him, and she stopped, under protest of thirst. After the merest sip herself she forced him to drink. He put the water-bottle to his mouth, a fever-paroled man, and in his half-lifeless condition forgot everything else but his thirst. As she watched him gulp down the precious fluid, she remembered the words of warning he had spoken; but she made no effort to check him. What matter? The water would help him and by none.

It was then the thing she most dreaded befell. Something came with the swift hum of an angry bee. The water-bottle was knocked clean out of his hands, and as it fell a yard or two away, there was the crack of a rifle. She did not even look round to learn whence the sound had come. Instantly she fell on her knees, and dragged Rimington down with her.

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3 of 1 tablespoon Baker's 4-6 drops essence of peppermint
14 cups chocolate water (one 2 tablespoons cream)

TO MAKE THE SYRUP: This delicious chocolate syrup should be made and kept on ice for all Baker's chocolate.

To make 1 pint, stir over direct heat 14 cups Baker's Breakfast Cocoa and 1 cup cold water, till smooth. Stir in 2 cups sugar and dash salt, till dissolved. Boil 3 minutes. Flavor with 2 teaspoons vanilla. Pour at once in glass jar. Keep tightly sealed in refrigerator.

FOR TWO COCOA MINTS: Put 14 tablespoons syrup, 2 or 3 drops of peppermint in 14 cups chocolate water in each with 14 cups cream and cracked ice, stirring again. Ice cream may be added or substituted for cream. Garnish with fresh mint leaves, if available.

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Gold Cocoa Mint

The fragrance of the mint—the smooth, rich flavor of Baker's Breakfast Cocoa—the ruddy color—the snap and fizz of the soda—an inspiration! Mail the coupon below for "Summer-time Drinks"—new ways of using

BAKER'S
Breakfast COCOA

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, Dorchester & Lower Mills, Mass.
Gentlemen: Send me your booklet "Summer-time Drinks"

Name
Address
City State

Accept This Trial Offer

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Wealth and Romantic Adventures Brought Her Only Misery

(Continued from Double Page)

country girl. I was intensely overjoyed at the thought of meeting a miracle going on inside me. I felt, at the touch of his hand, a genuine, old-time thrill and I came again when I looked into his eyes. I even knew the strange warmth of a blush on my cheeks and my eyes dropped.

This kitchen behavior by a woman of the world visibly distorted my worldly rose friend and was further evidence that Mr. Stuart led me off in a fox-trot. During that dance neither of us said a word. I was overjoyed at the discovery that perhaps I could love again that I forgot to do any of the things I knew so well which would cause this man to leave me as he did. When the music stopped he led me to the fronting peer and with the briefest of glances left behind him.

"Who is that man?" I asked. "Oh, an actor of sorts," growled my host, who found me a dull companion the rest of the evening. Next day business called me to Paris for three weeks, during which I thought of a thousand things I should have done to insure Stuart's return. For this way, I naturally took my first evening in London to look in at the Savoy. As I entered the supper room the first person I saw was Irvie Stuart, dining alone. He came to meet me saying simply:

"I have been here every evening waiting for you."

"I came back as soon as I could," I answered. "Without any sentimentality or the polished speeches which I have learned to loathe, the thing was all settled. We both knew that we loved each other. That was all that was left to be done."

Fate as I knew well, is often a cruel, practical joker. This was my first chance to be a very happy life and have the only thing that makes it worth while, love. Yet it was he just before me who had wanted to know exact how soon we could be married. But that would not do.

"You seem to have really loved one of your husbands, Delany Boy, but he said; and one man who was not your husband, that Viscount, but his faithfulness seems to have killed that feeling."

I nodded and he concluded: "Well, then unless you are content, I see no reason why you not marry me Friday."

A few days later I went on my fourth honeymoon and my first happy one. When after returning, my husband had to go away on

tour with his theatrical company. Now, here is the truth about the free, untrammelled, emancipated life in which a woman dares to be herself and to help herself to all the good things of this world. It is a constant and a danger, not because it is wicked but because it is stupid. Poor love is like free water for a child, it makes me sick. A woman is a bundle of appetites. None of them should be satisfied. Yet she must not let herself free to indulge any of them to the limit indefinitely or that appetite will be ruined. You can't stuff between me and still have an appetite for dinner.

Before I was married, free path, I was warned often that a woman who did that would lose her life. I was told that the body who had any reliable information about what a soul is and about what it might be to own it, this possible loss did not worry me much. When I did lose it I realized what it was and now that I have recovered I appreciate its value. I believe that our only consistent of our natural desires and appetites, which are the only things, but not interest in life, and when they are gone we are indeed empty shells as good as dead.

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H A V E A

C A M E L



No half-way verdict—Camel is supreme

THE American people have had many favorites. But there's never been a choice like Camel.

Camel is the most popular cigarette this nation ever had. Millions unite to place it first, and there's no comparison. Camel is supreme.

There must be reasons back of such a preference. There must be mountain-high quality in this famous cigarette to make millions join in saying, "I will have only Camel."

That is true. Camel quality is just as supreme as its leadership. In Camel, no

substitute has ever been made for quality. No compromise has ever been made with expense. For Camels, the world's largest tobacco organization buys the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. There simply are no better tobaccos or blending.

If you don't yet know that supreme tobacco enjoyment, try Camels. All the taste and fragrance, all the mild and mellow pleasure you ever hoped to find! We invite you to compare them with any cigarette made, regardless of price.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

Camel

CIGARETTES